



Burney del.

Grignon sculp.

London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Nov. 28. 1791.



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EPISTLES  
*CRITICAL AND DIDACTIC.*

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BELL'S  
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT  
OF  
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. III.

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Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r  
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,  
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store  
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,  
That could a purer flavor yield,  
Than yields the comb this hive contains,  
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,  
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,  
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

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EPISTLES  
*CRITICAL AND DIDACTIC.*

---

EPISTLE I.

---

On the  
DIFFERENT  
*STYLES OF POETRY.*

---

TO  
HENRY LORD VISC. BOLINGBROKE.  
*FROM THOMAS PARNELL, D. D.*

---

*Vatibus addere calcar,  
Ut studio majore petant Heliconæ virentem. Hor.*

---

I HATE the vulgar with untuneful mind ;  
Hearts uninspir'd, and senses unrefin'd.  
Hence, ye prophane : I raise the sounding string,  
And Bolingbroke descends to hear me sing.

When Greece could truth in Mystic Fable shroud,  
And with delight instruct the listening crowd,  
An ancient Poet (Time has lost his name)  
Deliver'd strains on Verse to future fame.  
Still, as he sung, he touch'd the trembling lyre,  
And felt the notes a rising warmth inspire.  
Ye sweetening Graces, in the music throng,  
Assist my genius, and retrieve the song

*Vol. III.*

B

From dark oblivion. See, my genius goes  
To call it forth. 'Twas thus the Poem rose.

“ WIT is the Muse's horse, and bears on high  
The daring Rider to the Muses' sky :  
Who, while his strength to mount aloft he tries,  
By regions varying in their nature flies.

“ At first, he riseth o'er a land of toil,  
A barren, hard, and undeserving soil,  
Where only weeds from heavy labour grow,  
Which yet the nation prune, and keep for show.  
Where couplets jingling on their accent run,  
Whose Point of Epigram is sunk to Pun ;  
Where wings by fancy never feather'd fly,  
Where lines by measure form'd in Hatchets lie ;  
Where Altars stand, erected Porches gape,  
And sense is cramp'd while words are par'd to shape ;  
Where mean Acrostics, labor'd in a frame  
On scatter'd letters, raise a painful scheme ;  
And, by confinement in their work, control  
The great enlargings of the boundless soul ;  
Where if a warrior's elevated fire  
Would all the brightest strokes of verse require,  
Then straight in Anagram a wretched crew  
Will pay their undeserving praises too ;  
While on the rack his poor disjointed name  
Must tell its master's character to Fame.  
And (if my fire and fears aright presage)  
The laboring writers of a future age



Shall clear new ground, and grotts and caves repair,  
To civilize the babbling echoes there.  
Then, while a lover treads a lonely walk,  
His voice shall with its own reflection talk,  
The closing sounds of all the vain device  
Select by trouble frivolously nice,  
Resound through verse, and with a false pretence  
Support the dialogue, and pass for sense.  
Can things like these to lasting praise pretend ?  
Can any Muse the worthless toil befriend ?  
Ye sacred Virgins, in my thoughts ador'd,  
Ah, be for ever in my lines deplor'd,  
If tricks on words acquire an endless name,  
And trifles merit in the court of Fame !”

At this the Poet stood concern'd a while,  
And view'd his objects with a scornful smile :  
Then other images of different kind,  
With different workings, enter'd on his mind ;  
At whose approach, he felt the former gone,  
And shiver'd in conceit, and thus went on :

“ By a cold region next the Rider goes,  
Where all lies cover'd in eternal snows ;  
Where no bright genius drives the chariot high,  
To glitter on the ground, and gild the sky.  
Bleak level Realm, where Frigid Styles abound,  
Where never yet a daring thought was found,  
But counted feet is Poetry defin'd ;

And starv'd conceits, that chill the reader's mind,  
A little sense in many words imply,  
And drag in loitering numbers slowly by.  
Here dry sententious speeches, half asleep,  
Prolong'd in lines, o'er many pages creep;  
Nor ever shew the passions well express'd,  
Nor raise like passions in another's breast.  
Here flat narrations fair exploits debase,  
In measures void of every shining grace;  
Which never arm their hero for the field,  
Nor with prophetic story paint the shield,  
Nor fix the crest, nor make the feathers wave,  
Nor with their characters reward the brave;  
Undeck'd they stand, and unadorn'd with praise,  
And fail to profit while they fail to please.  
Here forc'd Description is so strangely wrought,  
It never stamps its image on the thought;  
The lifeless trees may stand for ever bare,  
And rivers stop, for aught the readers care;  
They see no branches trembling in the woods,  
Nor hear the murmurs of increasing floods,  
Which near the roots of ruffled waters flow,  
And shake the shadows of the boughs below.  
Ah, sacred Verse, replete with heavenly flame,  
Such cold endeavors would invade thy name!  
The writer fondly would in these survive,  
Which, wanting spirit, never seem'd alive:  
But, if Applause or Fame attend his pen,  
Let breathless statues pass for breathing men."

Here seem'd the Singer touch'd at what he sung,  
And grief a while delay'd his hand and tongue :  
But soon he check'd his fingers, chose a strain,  
And flourish'd shrill, and thus arose again :

“ Pass the next region which appears to show :  
'Tis very open, unimprov'd, and low ;  
To noble flights of elevated thought,  
To nervous strength of sense maturely wrought,  
Possess this Realm ; but common turns are there,  
Which idly sportive move with childish air.  
On callow wings, and like a plague of flies,  
The little fancies in a Poem rise,  
The jaded Reader every where to strike,  
And move his passions every where alike.  
There all the graceful Nymphs are forc'd to play  
Where any water bubbles in the way :  
There shaggy Satyrs are oblig'd to rove  
In all the fields, and over all the grove :  
There every star is summon'd from its sphere,  
To dress one face, and make Clorinda fair :  
There Cupids fling their darts in every song,  
While Nature stands neglected all along :  
Till the teaz'd hearer, vex'd at last to find  
One constant object still assault the mind,  
Admires no more at what's no longer new,  
And hastes to shun the persecuting view.  
There bright surprises of Poetic rage  
(Whose strength and beauty, more confirm'd in age  
For having lasted, last the longer still)

By weak attempts are imitated ill,  
Or carried on beyond their proper light,  
Or with refinement flourish'd out of sight.  
There Metaphors on Metaphors abound,  
And sense by differing images confound :  
Strange injudicious management of thought,  
Not born to rage, nor into method brought.  
Ah, sacred Muse! from such a Realm retreat,  
Nor idly waste the influence of thy heat  
On shallow soils, where quick productions rise,  
And wither as the warmth that rais'd them dies."

Here o'er his breast a sort of pity roll'd,  
Which something laboring in the mind control'd,  
And made him touch the loud resounding strings,  
While thus with Music's stronger tones he sings :

" Mount higher still, still keep thy faithful seat,  
Mind the firm reins, and curb thy courser's heat ;  
Nor let him touch the Realms that next appear,  
Whose hanging turrets seem a fall to fear ;  
And strangely stand along the tracts of air,  
Where thunder rolls, and bearded comets glare.  
The thoughts that most extravagantly soar,  
The words that sound as if they meant to roar ;  
For rant and noise are offer'd here to choice,  
And stand elected by the public voice.  
All schemes are slighted which attempt to shine  
At once with strange and probable design ;



'Tis here a mean conceit, a vulgar view,  
That bears the least respect to seeming true ;  
While every trifling turn of things is seen  
To move by Gods descending in machine.  
Here swelling lines with stalking strut proceed,  
And in the clouds terrific rumblings breed ;  
Hers single heroes deal grim deaths around,  
And armies perish in tremendous sound ;  
Here fearful monsters are preserv'd to die,  
In such a tumult as affrights the sky ;  
For which the golden sun shall hide with dread,  
And Neptune lift his sedgy-matted head,  
Admire the roar, and dive with dire dismay,  
And seek his deepest chambers in the sea.  
To raise their subject thus the lines devise,  
And false extravagance would fain surprize ;  
Yet still, ye Gods, ye live untouch'd by fear,  
And undisturb'd at bellowing monsters here :  
But with compassion guard the brain of men,  
If thus they bellow through the Poet's pen :  
So will the Reader's eyes discern aright  
The rashest sally from the noblest flight,  
And find that only boast and sound agree  
To seem the life and voice of majesty,  
When Writers rampant on Apollo call,  
And bid him enter and possess them all,  
And make his flames afford a wild pretence  
To keep them unrestrain'd by common sense.  
Ah, sacred Verse ! lest Reason quit thy seat,  
Give none to such, or give a gentler heat."

'Twas here the Singer felt his temper wrought  
By fairer prospects, which arose to thought;  
And in himself a while collected sat,  
And much admir'd at this, and much at that;  
Till all the beauteous forms in order ran,  
And then he took their track, and thus began:

“ Above the beauties, far above the show  
In which weak Nature dresses here below,  
Stands the great palace of the Bright and Fine,  
Where fair ideas in full glory shine;  
Eternal models of exalted parts,  
The pride of minds, and conquerors of hearts.

“ Upon the first arrival here, are seen  
Rang'd walks of bay, the Muses' ever-green,  
Each sweetly springing from some sacred bough,  
Whose circling shade adorn'd a Poet's brow,  
While through the leaves, in unmolested skies,  
The gentle breathing of applauses flies,  
And flattering sounds are heard within the breeze,  
And pleasing murmur runs among the trees,  
And falls of water join the flattering sounds,  
And murmur softening from the shore rebounds.  
The warbled melody, the lovely sights,  
The calms of solitude inspire delights,  
The dazzled eyes, the ravish'd ears are caught,  
The panting heart unites to purer thought,  
And grateful shiverings wander o'er the skin,  
And wondrous ecstasies arise within,

Whence admiration overflows the mind,  
And leaves the pleasure felt, but undefin'd.  
Stay, daring Rider, now no longer rove;  
Now pass to find the palace through the grove:  
Whate'er you see, whate'er you feel, display  
The Realm you sought for; daring Rider, stay.

“ Here various Fancy spreads a varied scene,  
And Judgment likes the sight, and looks serene,  
And can be pleas'd itself, and helps to please,  
And joins the work, and regulates the lays.  
Thus, on a plan design'd by double care,  
The building rises in the glittering air,  
With just agreement fram'd in every part,  
And smoothly polish'd with the nicest art.

“ Here laurel-boughs, which ancient heroes wore,  
Now not so fading as they prov'd before,  
Wreath round the pillars which the Poets rear,  
And slope their points to make a foliage there.  
Here chaplets, pull'd in gently-breathing wind,  
And wrought by lovers innocently kind,  
Hung o'er the porch, their fragrant odors give,  
And fresh in lasting song for ever live.  
The shades, for whom with such indulgent care  
Fame wreaths the boughs, or hangs the chaplets there,  
To deathless honors thus preserv'd above,  
For ages conquer, or for ages love.

“ Here bold Description paints the walls within,  
Her pencil touches, and the world is seen :  
The fields look beauteous in their flowery pride,  
The mountains rear aloft, the vales subside ;  
The cities rise, the rivers seem to play,  
And hanging rocks repell the foaming sea ;  
The foaming seas their angry billows show,  
Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,  
Or cease their rage, and as they calmly lie,  
Return the pleasing pictures of the sky.  
The skies, extended in an open view,  
Appear a lofty distant arch of blue,  
In which Description stains the painted bow,  
Or thickens clouds, and feathers-out the snow,  
Or mingles blushes in the morning ray,  
Or gilds the noon, or turns an evening gray.

“ Here, on the pedestals of War and Peace,  
In different rows, and with a different grace,  
Fine Statues proudly ride, or nobly stand,  
To which Narration with a pointing hand  
Directs the sight, and makes examples please  
By boldly venturing to dilate in praise ;  
While chosen beauties lengthen out the song,  
Yet make her hearers never think it long.  
Or if, with closer art, with sprightly mien,  
Scarce like herself, and more like Action seen,  
She bids their facts in images arise,  
And seem to pass before the Reader's eyes,  
The words like charms enchanted motion give,



And all the Statues of the Palace live.  
Then hosts embattled stretch their lines afar,  
Their leaders' speeches animate the war,  
The trumpets sound, the feather'd arrows fly,  
The sword is drawn, the lance is toss'd on high,  
The brave press on, the fainter forces yield,  
And death in different shapes deforms the field.  
Or, should the shepherds be dispos'd to play,  
Amintor's jolly pipe beguiles the day,  
And jocund Echos dally with the sound,  
And Nymphs in measures trip along the ground,  
And, ere the dews have wet the grass below,  
Turn homewards singing all the way they go.

“ Here, as on circumstance Narrations dwell,  
And tell what moves, and hardly seem to tell,  
The toil of Heroes on the dusty plains,  
Or on the green the merriment of Swains,  
Reflection speaks: then all the Forms that rose  
In life's enchanted scene themselves compose;  
Whilst the grave voice, controlling all the spells,  
With solemn utterance, thus the Moral tells:  
' So Public Worth its enemies destroys,  
' Or Private Innocence itself enjoys.’

“ Here all the Passions, for their greater sway,  
In all the power of words themselves array;  
And hence the soft Pathetic gently charms,  
And hence the bolder fills the breast with arms.  
Sweet Love in numbers finds a world of darts,

And with Desirings wounds the tender hearts.  
Fair Hope displays its pinions to the wind,  
And flutters in the lines, and lifts the mind.  
Brisk Joy with transport fills the rising strain,  
Breaks in the notes, and bounds in every vein.  
Stern Conrage, glittering in the sparks of Ire,  
Inflames those lays that set the breast on fire.  
Aversion learns to fly with swifter will,  
In numbers taught to represent an ill.  
By frightful accents Fear produces fears ;  
By sad expression Sorrow melts to tears :  
And dire Amazement and Despair are brought  
By words of Horror through the wilds of thought.  
'Tis thus tumultuous Passions learn to roll ;  
Thus, arm'd with Poetry, they win the soul.

“ Pass further through the Dome, another view  
Would now the pleasures of thy mind renew,  
Where oft Description for the colors goes,  
Which raise and animate its native shows ;  
Where oft Narration seeks a florid grace  
To keep from sinking ere 'tis time to cease ;  
Where easy turns Reflection looks to find,  
When Morals aim at dress to please the mind ;  
Where lively Figures are for use array'd,  
And these an Action, those a Passion, aid.

“ There modest Metaphors in order sit,  
With unaffected, undisguising Wit,  
That leave their own, and seek another's place,

Not forc'd, but changing with an easy pace,  
To deck a notion faintly seen before,  
And Truth preserves her shape, and shines the more.

“ By these the beauteous Similies reside,  
In look more open, in design ally'd,  
Who, fond of likeness, from another's face,  
Bring every feature's corresponding grace,  
With near approaches in expression flow,  
And take the turn their pattern loves to show;  
As in a glass the shadows meet the fair,  
And dress and practise with resembling air.  
Thus Truth by pleasure doth her aim pursue,  
Looks bright, and fixes on the double view.

“ There Repetitions one another meet,  
Expressly strong, or languishingly sweet,  
And raise the sort of sentiment they please,  
And urge the sort of sentiment they raise.

“ There close in order are the Questions plac'd,  
Which march with art conceal'd in shows of haste,  
And work the Reader till his mind be brought  
To make its answers in the Writer's thought.  
For thus the moving Passions seem to throng,  
And with their quickness force the soul along;  
And thus the soul grows fond they should prevail,  
When every Question seems a fair appeal;  
And if by just degrees of strength they soar,  
In steps as equal each affects the more.

“ There strange Commotion, naturally shown,  
Speaks on regardless that she speaks alone,  
Nor minds if they to whom she talks be near,  
Nor cares if that to which she talks can hear.  
The warmth of Anger dares an absent Foe ;  
The words of Pity speak to tears of Woe ;  
The Love that hopes, on errands sends the breeze ;  
And Love despairing moans to naked trees.

“ There stand the new Creations of the Muse,  
Poetic Persons, whom the Writers use  
Whene’er a cause magnificently great  
Would fix attention with peculiar weight.  
’Tis hence that humble Provinces are seen  
Transform’d to Matrons with neglected mien,  
Who call their Warriors in a mournful sound,  
And shew their Crowns of Turrets on the ground,  
While over Urns reclining Rivers moan  
They should enrich a nation not their own.  
’Tis hence the Virtues are no more confin’d  
To be but rules of reason in the mind ;  
The heavenly Forms start forth, appear to breathe,  
And in bright shapes converse with men beneath ;  
And, as a God in combat Valor leads,  
In council Prudence as a Goddess aids.

“ There Exclamations all the voice employ  
In sudden flushes of Concern or Joy :  
Then seem the sluices, which the Passions bound,  
To burst asunder with a speechless sound ;

And then with tumult and surprize they roll,  
And shew the case important in the soul.

“ There rising Sentences attempt to speak,  
Which Wonder, Sorrow, Shame, or Anger, break;  
But so the Part directs to find the rest,  
That what remains behind is more than guess’d.  
Thus fill’d with ease, yet left unfinish’d too,  
The sense looks large within the Reader’s view:  
He freely gathers all the Passion means,  
And artful silence more than words explains.  
Methinks a thousand Graces more I see,  
And I could dwell—but when would thought be free?  
Engaging Method ranges all the band,  
And smooth Transition joins them hand in hand:  
Around the music of my lays they throng,  
Ah, too deserving objects of my song!  
Live, wondrous Palace, live secure of time,  
To Senses Harmony, to Souls sublime,  
And just Proportion all, and great Design,  
And lively Colours, and an Air divine.

“ ’Tis here that, guided by the Muses’ fire,  
And fill’d with sacred thought, her Friends retire,  
Unbent to care, and unconcern’d with noise,  
To taste repose, and elevated joys,  
Which in a deep untroubled leisure meet,  
Serenely ravishing, politely sweet.  
From hence the Charms that most engage they choose,  
And, as they please, the glittering objects use;



While to their Genius, more than Art, they trust,  
Yet Art acknowledges their labors just.  
From hence they look, from this exalted show,  
To choose their subject in the world below,  
And where an Hero well deserves a name,  
They consecrate his acts in song to Fame;  
Or, if a Science unadorn'd they find,  
They smoothe its look to please and teach the mind;  
And where a Friendship's generously strong,  
They celebrate the knot of souls in song;  
Or, if the Verses must inflame Desire,  
The thoughts are melted, and the words on fire:  
But, when the Temples deck'd with glory stand,  
And hymns of Gratitude the Gods demand,  
Their bosoms kindle with Celestial Love,  
And then alone they cast their eyes above.

“ Hail, sacred Verse! ye sacred Muses! hail!  
Could I your pleasures with your fire reveal,  
The world might then be taught to know your right,  
And court your rage, and envy my delight.  
But, whilst I follow where your pointed beams  
My course directing shoot in golden streams,  
The bright appearance dazzles Fancy's eyes,  
And weary'd-out the fix'd Attention lies;  
Enough, my Verses, have you work'd my breast,  
I'll seek the sacred Grove, and sink to rest.”

No longer now the ravish'd Poet sung,  
His voice in easy cadence left the tongue;

Nor o'er the music did his fingers fly,  
The sounds ran tingling, and they seem'd to die.

O, Bolingbroke ! O Favourite of the skies,  
O born to gifts by which the noblest rise,  
Improv'd in arts by which the brightest please,  
Intent to business, and polite for ease ;  
Sublime in eloquence, where loud applause  
Hath stil'd thee Patron of a nation's cause.  
'Twas there the world perceiv'd and own'd thee great,  
Thence Anna call'd thee to the reins of State ;  
“ Go, said the greatest Queen, with Oxford go,  
And still the tumults of the world below,  
Exert thy powers, and prosper ; he that knows  
To move with Oxford, never should repose.”

She spake : the Patriot overspread thy mind,  
And all thy days to public good resign'd.  
Else might thy soul, so wonderfully wrought  
For every depth and turn of curious thought,  
To this the Poet's sweet recess retreat,  
And thence report the pleasures of the seat,  
Describe the raptures which a Writer knows,  
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,  
Describe his business while he works the mine,  
Describe his temper when he sees it shine,  
Or say, when Readers easy verse ensnares,  
How much the Writer's mind can act on theirs :  
Whence images, in charming numbers set,  
A sort of likeness in the soul beget,

And what fair visions oft we fancy nigh  
By fond delusions of the swimming eye,  
Or further pierce through Nature's maze to find  
How passions drawn give passions to the mind.

Oh, what a sweet confusion! what surprize!  
How quick the shifting views of pleasure rise!  
While, lightly skimming, with a transient wing,  
I touch the beauties which I wish to sing.  
Is Verse a sovereign Regent of the soul,  
And fitted all its motions to control?  
Or are they sisters, tun'd at once above,  
And shake like unisons if either move?  
For, when the numbers sing an eager fight,  
I've heard a soldier's voice express delight;  
I've seen his eyes with crowding spirits shine,  
And round his hilt his hand unthinking twine.  
When from the shore the fickle Trojan flies,  
And in sweet measures poor Eliza dies,  
I've seen the book forsake the virgin's hand,  
And in her eyes the tears but hardly stand.  
I've known her blush at soft Corinna's name,  
And in red characters confess a flame:  
Or wish success had more adorn'd his arms,  
Who gave the world for Cleopatra's charms.

Ye Sons of Glory, be my first appeal,  
If here the power of lines these lines reveal.  
When some great youth has with impetuous thought  
Read o'er achievements which another wrought,

And seen his courage and his honor go  
Through crowding nations in triumphant show,  
His soul, enchanted by the words he reads,  
Shines all impregnated with sparkling seeds,  
And courage here, and honor there, appears  
In brave design that soars beyond his years,  
And this a spear, and that a chariot lends,  
And war and triumph he by turns attends;  
Thus gallant pleasures are his waking dream,  
Till some fair cause have call'd him forth to fame.  
Then, form'd to life on what the Poet made,  
And breathing slaughter, and in arms array'd,  
He marches forward on the daring foe,  
And emulation acts in every blow.  
Great Hector's shade in fancy stalks along,  
From rank to rank amongst the martial throng;  
While from his acts he learns a noble rage,  
And shines like Hector in the present age.  
Thus verse will raise him to the victor's bays;  
And verse, that rais'd him, shall resound his praise.

Ye tender Beauties, be my witness too,  
If Song can charm, and if my Song be true.  
With sweet experience oft a Fair may find  
Her passions mov'd by passions well design'd;  
And then she longs to meet a gentle swain,  
And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.  
And if by chance an amorous youth appears,  
With pants and blushes she the courtship hears;

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And finds a tale that must with theirs agree,  
And he's Septimius, and his Acme she :  
Thus lost in thought, her melted heart she gives,  
And the rais'd Lover by the Poet lives.

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EPISTLE II.

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A  
PROSPECT OF POETRY.

---

TO THE  
EARL OF ORRERY.

BY JAMES DALACOURT, B.A.

---

WHAT various styles to different strains belong,  
What time to rise, and when to sink in song;  
To thee, best judge of this refin'd delight,  
O! born to genius, lo the Muses write;  
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bid each art excell,  
And smile on merit which you grace so well;  
To make mankind a nobler Broghill see;  
And find their long-lost Halifax in thee:  
Few now remain to say who sung before,  
Parnell is dead—and Addison no more!  
The few remaining, Time will sweep away,  
And Pope and Swift must shortly follow Gay;  
These only left of all the tuneful choir,  
Garth, Steele, Rowe, Congreve, Wycherley, and  
Prior;  
These only left, the world's great loss declare,  
And serve to shew us what those wonders were.

On you, my Lord, the Muses turn their eyes ;  
On Orrery the letter'd world relies ;  
Their ancient honors let a Boyle restore,  
And be whate'er was Orrery before :  
O! chief in Courts to lay the Peer aside,  
Weed Vice from dignity, from titles Pride,  
Great without grandeur, generous without views,  
For ever bounteous, and yet ne'er profuse ;  
No less by nature noble than by name,  
The bloom of breeding, and the flower of fame :  
Approv'd a patron at thy natal hour ;  
Think'st thou to 'scape the praises in their power ?  
Though from Britannia's strains, and Albion's shore,  
You fly to deserts but to blaze the more ;  
They'll search you out, discover where you shine,  
Proclaim your worth, and frustrate your design.

So in the bloom the diamond darts its light,  
Though thick encircled with surrounding night ;  
The kindling darkness breaks before the ray,  
And on the eye-ball bursts the brilliant day.

Sage Temple writes, a spark of native fire,  
Excels whatever learning can acquire ;  
In poetry this observation's true,  
Without some genius fame will ne'er ensue :  
Such for a while may climb against the hill,  
But then, like Sisyphus, are falling still ;  
I own, by reading we may feed the flame,  
But first must have that heat from whence it came ;

Else, like dry pumps whose springs their moisture  
mourn,

We may pour in, but will have no return ;  
To such, indeed, those rules are ill applied,  
For such were never on the Muses side.

Come then, my friend, who like with me to rove  
The flowery mountain, and the laurel grove,  
Where god Apollo guards the limpid fount,  
And the glad Muses climb the vocal mount :  
You whom the voice invites to taste their charms,  
Whom verse transports, and tuneful fancy warms ;  
Before you press the Sirens to your heart,  
Attend a while the precepts I impart.

First let your judgment for your fancy choose  
Of all the Nine the most unblemish'd Muse :  
Soft yet sublime, in love yet strictly coy,  
Prone to be grave, yet not averse to joy ;  
Where taste and candour, wit and manners meet,  
Bold without bombast, daring but discreet ;  
Correct with spirit, musical with sense,  
Not apt to give, nor slow to take offence ;  
First to commend when others thoughts are shown,  
But always last delighted with their own.

When this is done, let Nature be your guide ;  
Rise in the spring, or in the river glide ;  
In every line consult her as you run,  
And let her Naiads roll the river on :

Unless, to please our nice corrupted sense,  
Art be call'd in, and join'd with vast expence ;  
Then rivers wander through the vale no more,  
But boil in pipes, or spout through figur'd ore ;  
The neighbouring brooks their empty channel mourn,  
That now enrich some artificial urn.

Thus ever suit your numbers to your theme,  
And tune their cadence to the falling stream ;  
Or should the falling stream incline to love,  
Let the words slide, and like its murmurs move :  
Poor were the praise to paint a purling rill,  
To make it music is the Muse's skill ;  
Without her voice the spring runs silent by,  
Dumb are the waters, and the verses dry ;  
While chill'd with ice the cool waves creep along,  
And all the fountain freezes in the song.

But if a storm must rattle through the strain,  
Then let your lines grow black with gathering rain ;  
Through Jove's aerial hall loud thunders sound,  
And the big bolt roars through the dark profound :  
But should the welkin brighten to the view,  
The sun breaks out, and gilds the style anew ;  
Color your clouds with a vermillion dye,  
And let warm blushes streak the western sky ;  
Till evening shuts in sober suited gray,  
And draws her dappled curtains o'er the day.

Let Vesper then pursue the purple light,  
And lead the twinkling glories of the night ;  
The moon must rise in silver o'er the shades,  
Stream through your pen, and glance along the  
meads :

While Zephyr softly whispers in the lines,  
And pearly dew in bright description shines ;  
The little warblers to the trees repair,  
Sing in their sleep, and dream away their care ;  
While closing flow'rets nod their painted heads,  
And fold themselves to rest upon their rosy beds.

But if Aurora's fingers stain the lay,  
Let fancy waken with the rising day ;  
Let Sol's fierce coursers whirl the fiery team,  
And from their nostrils blow a flood of flame :  
Be sultry noon in brighter yellow drest,  
And bend a rainbow on her burning breast ;  
Let the rich dyes in changing colors flow,  
And lose themselves in one poetic glow.

So the fair Indian crown its gloss assumes,  
Dispos'd in party-colour'd plumes ;  
The transient tincture drinks the neighbouring hue,  
As if from each th' alternate colours grew,  
Where every beauty 's by a former made,  
And lends a lustre to the following shade.

Thus may a simile come in with grace,  
And add new splendors to the showery piece ;



Paint the proud arch so lively to the sight,  
That every line reflects a watery light.

Hence to the gardens should your fancy fly,  
Let the tall tulip with your Iris vie ;  
With a mix'd glory crown its radiant head,  
The brightest yellow ting'd with streams of red ;  
Next let the lily in your numbers blow,  
And o'er its sweetness shake the downy snow,  
In the white garb of virtue let it rise,  
And wave in verse before the virgin's eyes ;  
On tuneful feet let languid ivy crawl,  
And in poetic measure scale the wall,  
While the sharp sheers return a clipping sound,  
And the green leaves fall quivering to the ground.

Here in the bower of beauty newly shorn,  
Let Fancy sit, and sing how Love was born ;  
Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child,  
In Flora's cheek when first the Goddess smil'd :  
Nurs'd on the bosom of the beauteous spring,  
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing,  
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,  
The little wanton into Cupid grew ;  
Then arm'd his hand with glittering sparks of fire,  
And tipt his shining arrows with desire :  
Hence joy arose upon the wings of wind,  
And hope presents the lover always kind ;  
Despair creates a rival for our fears,  
And tender pity softens into tears.

Observe, how Sappho paints the lover's pain,  
What various passions animate her strain !  
Her color fades, she faints in tender lays,  
Her pulse beats languid, and her sense decays ;  
Then in a rapid tide of passion tost,  
Her weak tongue falters, and her voice is lost ;  
Again her soul revives, her breath returns,  
Again she shivers, and again she burns :  
Each reader's bosom feels her various care,  
Warm'd by her flame, or chill'd by her despair.

Tost, as the sea, by passions, let the soul  
Like the brine sparkle, like the billows roll ;  
Then anger kindles in the warrior's eyes,  
And earth usurps the thunder of the skies :  
See how they mount up on the groaning car,  
Shake the long lance, and overtake the war ;  
Aloft in air resounds the whirling thong,  
The horses fly, the chariot smokes along ;  
The foaming coursers press upon their heels,  
Back run the lines beneath the whirling wheels :  
Fleeter than light they flash along the fields,  
And suns by thousands blaze upon their shields :  
The twisted serpents, round their helmets roll'd,  
Must hiss in verse, and bite in burnish'd gold :  
The wars break in—now millions are no more,  
And a long groan pursues the gushing gore ;  
Spears, darts, and javelins, launch along the sky,  
Plunge into blood, or into shivers fly :  
Thus let your heroes rage, by Mars possess,

And feel an Iliad rising in your breast ;  
But soon cement those wounds, let discord cease,  
And warring worlds unite in friendly peace.

Hence sounds in softer notes must learn to move,  
And melting music rise the voice of love !  
Let Tubal's lute in skilful hands appear,  
And pour new numbers on the listening ear ;  
With the full organ let them sweetly swell,  
With the loud trumpet languishingly shrill ;  
Or in soft concord let the concert suit,  
The sprightly clarion with the Dorian flute :  
Then wake to vocal airs the warbling wire,  
Let the strings run beneath the poet's fire ;  
While sorrow sighs, ah ! never let them cool,  
But melt melodious on the soften'd soul :  
So may the passions wait upon your hand,  
Move as you move, and act as you command.

And here Arion's harp may swell the strain,  
Or smooth your numbers as it smooth'd the main ;  
When wondering Sirens to its sounds advanc'd,  
And bounding dolphins o'er the billows danc'd ;  
Admiring Tritons round the music play,  
And angry seas in measure roll away :  
A tide of rapture rose as he requir'd,  
White work'd the waves, and foam'd as he inspir'd,  
The billows beat upon the sounding string,  
And through the hollow harp the waters ring.

As on a moon-light night, when Neptune calls  
His finny coursers from their coral stalls,  
From some white cliff, whose brow reflects the deep,  
He leads them forth, and bids the billows sleep,  
The waves obey ; so still a silence reigns,  
That not a wrinkle curls the watery plains ;  
Like floating mercury the waves appear,  
And the sea whitens with a heaven so clear :  
Before him Triton blows his twisted shell,  
And distant sea-nymphs know the signal well ;  
In long procession the caerulean train  
With joy confess the sovereign of the main :  
Such were the raptures of the sea-green race,  
When sweet Arion cross'd the watery space ;  
When first his fingers felt the music rise,  
And mix'd in melody the seas and skies.

On land Amphion swells the magic song,  
And round his fingers moving mountains throng ;  
At every stroke he sees fair Thebes aspire,  
Walls rise on walls, and temples soaring higher :  
At every stroke new wonders deck the strain,  
The big creation of a poet's brain !

Hear how Timotheus wraps the soul in sounds,  
And drops the notes like balm upon her wounds ;  
The moulded measures querulous decay,  
Till a swift tremor sweeps the sounds away :  
By sweet degrees again they gather near,  
Recover fast, and thunder on the ear ;

Down the broad brass his bold hands brush the tones,  
The long string leaps, and vibrates into groans ;  
Let furious Saul be figur'd to thy mind,  
So mad—as not to be by verse confin'd ;  
With music arm'd the sweet musician stands,  
And o'er the golden cordage spreads his hands ;  
The monarch's looks are fix'd upon the strings,  
And his eyes languish as young David sings ;  
His fury falls, as that begins to rise,  
And all his soul seems starting from his eyes.

But chief the music of the spheres must please,  
If sounds celestial warble in thy lays ;  
When the three Parcae, Fate's fair offspring born,  
The world's great spindle as its axle turn ;  
Round which eight spheres in beauteous order run,  
And as they turn revolving time is spun :  
Whose motions all things upon earth ordain,  
Whence revolutions date their fickle reign ;  
These, rob'd in white, at equal distance thron'd,  
Sit o'er the spheres, and twirl the spindle round,  
On each of which a Siren loudly sings,  
As from the wheel the fatal thread she flings ;  
The Parcae answer, in the choir agree,  
And all those voices make one harmony.

To Titian turn, to Raphael praises give,  
Hence picture rose, and shadows seem'd to live ;  
On Guido look, to Rubens rear thine eye,  
Where each bold figure seems a stander-by ;



Trophies and triumphs by Mantegna's hand  
In martial order on the canvas stand ;  
With hints of glory fire the warlike soul,  
And bid like motions in our bosom roll :  
Here Verrio's colours glow expos'd to sight,  
And sky-dipp'd pencils stream with liquid light ;  
Thy art, O Kneller ! asks a sister's praise,  
So may thy paintings beautify my lays ;  
Whether young blushes ripen in thy lines,  
Or verdant landscapes wave in green designs,  
Through which the sun, emerging from the main,  
In floods of purple drowns the leafy scene,  
A mimic visto stretches wide between,  
Where gold appears diversified with green ;  
Shades rise on shades, on colors colors flow,  
And transient shadows undulate below.

So when Aurora mounts the rosy East,  
And Light's warm blushes redden o'er her breast ;  
A thousand suns her orient rays unfold,  
And every leaf is sprinkled o'er with gold ;  
The glittering spangles burn the woodland shade,  
Tree, stream, and bush, in Nature's gold array'd :  
The burnish'd rills in softer silver show,  
And, dash'd with purple, glance their waves below ;  
Ten thousand shadows skim the colour'd stream,  
And o'er the silver shoots the crimson gleam.

Next let Prometheus boast his godlike art,  
And let a wonder from his fingers start ;

An angel's form by every poet sung,  
Love in her looks, and music in her tongue.

So when the sun with all-enlivening ray  
On Memnon's lips first strikes the golden day ;  
The hard flint utters melancholy sounds,  
And from the stone sweet harmony rebounds.

Before Lysippus' courser neighs the steed,  
And fond Pygmalion clasps his ivory maid ;  
Where Niobe, in beauteous sorrow shown,  
Melts into tears, and hardens into stone.  
Beside his chisel let Mount Athos stand,  
Heave into form, and groan beneath his hand,  
While on one spacious palm he pours the sea,  
And his broad fingers form an ample bay ;  
The other grasps a wide-extended town,  
Whose regal walls unnumber'd turrets crown :  
Thus was this son of earth suppos'd to rise,  
O'er-look the globe, and climb into the skies,  
To scare the Gods with his enormous height,  
A second Titan soaring out of sight.

So near proud Rhodes, across the sounding main ;  
The world's just wonder brav'd the winds and rain,  
While round his head the rattling tempests blow,  
And watery mountains break in foam below ;  
On Neptune's back, the proud Colussus rides,  
Deaf to the roarings of the winds and tides.

There Phidias bids the breathing statue move  
In living sculpture not unworthy Jove ;  
From age to age Cleomenes shall charm,  
And his carv'd Venus future warriors warm,  
In fair proportion from beholders turn,  
And o'er her cheeks the blushing marble burn.

See with Silenus youthful Bacchus vie,  
And the flint sparkling in his jovial eye ;  
Round his full temples grapes luxuriant spread,  
Vine leaves, and clusters, dangle o'er his head :  
On a tame tiger, taught his load to bear,  
He rides in rock, and shakes his ivy spear.

There good Aurelius almost looks a groan !  
And thunder-bolts descend in figur'd stone ;  
Great Alexander weeps his ensigns furl'd,  
And bids his sire create another world.

Here let thy graver through rock-diamond run,  
The heaven-hued sapphire sparkle in the sun ;  
The wounded ruby ope its bleeding vein,  
And the red streams the virgin paper stain ;  
Here link your jewels in a blazing string,  
Let the green emerald look like smiling spring,  
The yellow topaz boast a golden hue,  
And slippery agate shine in veins of blue ;  
Let these in crystal caskets charm the sight,  
Terrestrial stars, and children of the light !

*Vol. III.*

D

Like the rich bow athwart th' aetherial plain,  
That burns in showers and fire imbibes from rain.

Now let your Muse to architecture change,  
Plunge in the bath, or through the palace range,  
Heave the huge mole, or bid the column rise,  
Or point the obelisk to pierce the skies :  
Palladio here must think in every line,  
And deep Vitruvius scan the whole design ;  
The works of Solomon and him of Tyre  
Direct the plan, and all your taste inspire :  
In due proportion every pillar rear,  
Nor let the orders be confounded there :  
Where the Corinthian stands in fluted rows,  
Let not the martial Doric interpose ;  
Nor, where the Tuscan lifts th' imperial urn,  
Suffer the neat Ionic shaft to turn :  
But chief that chaos call'd Composite shun,  
Which begs from all, and yet belongs to none.

So Babel's battlements began to rise,  
Left earth below, and labor'd up the skies ;  
The mighty bulwark threaten'd Heaven's abode,  
And bade the mounting world ascend to God :  
And they had now been there—but Heaven look'd  
down,  
Their skills confounded, and their tower o'erthrown ;  
Tongues, pillars, orders, to confusion turn,  
And mankind disappointed seem'd to mourn.

Here Egypt's pyramids must heave sublime,  
And blunt the teeth of all-decaying Time ;  
Beneath whose weight, the burthen'd earth must  
groan,

A ponderous pile in monumental stone ;  
Strong bars of adamant the marble lock,  
And links of iron chain the solid rock ;  
Beneath whose summit towering eagles fly,  
A pointed mountain ending in the sky.

Proud Babylon with brazen gates behold,  
And proud Euphrates in her bosom roll'd ;  
Walls, which Semiramis with turrets crown'd,  
A color'd brick with black bitumen bound ;  
A second Eden here Nitocris trod,  
In pensile gardens worthy of a God ;  
So grand the costly structure hung in air,  
It seem'd not built, but first created there :  
Here trees and flowers in watery figures rise,  
And fruitage ripen nearer to the skies ;  
Fair fountains fall in silver-streaming floods,  
And artificial rainbows paint the clouds ;  
With various-color'd light the water burn'd,  
Against the sun in artful arches turn'd ;  
Nor were the golden pipes by Sirius dried,  
The river still the water-works supplied.

Here let the boaster fall from man to beast,  
Eat grass with brutes, or on rude acorns feast,



Driven from his throne in dens to pass the day,  
To herd with wolves, and howl the night away.

So wild Lycaon fled his own abode,  
Chang'd by the vengeance of an angry God,  
On shaggy feet ran howling through the plain,  
And mingled nightly with the prowling train.

Here let the Muse a while delighted rest,  
Pleas'd with the prospect opening in her breast ;  
The wide horizon and the world survey,  
As through the walks her fancy loves to stray.

Invention ! ah, how beautiful art thou !  
I feel thy sudden inspiration now :  
Thy whispers prompt me, and the pleasing strife  
Of infant thought just struggling into life :  
The new-born offspring longs to try its feet,  
And runs through verse with voluntary heat :  
This was the Nymph that did wise Numa please,  
And this the Genius of great Socrates.

Like some smooth mirror, see Euphrates glide  
Through Duras' plains, and spreads his bosom wide ;  
On whose broad surface watery landskips lie,  
And bending willows shade the downward sky :  
There floating forests mix'd with meadows move,  
And the green glass reflects the flowers above ;  
Shepherds and sheep along the picture stray,

And with the water seem to slide away :  
In the blue gleam, the park and walls appear,  
And gilded barges, mix'd with grazing deer ;  
The huntsman sounds—the frightened shadow flies,  
Thro' flocks, greens, shepherds, barges, hounds, and  
    skies.

Thus in a room, where light can only pass  
Through the small circle of a convex-glass ;  
O'er the stain'd sheet amusing shadows slide,  
Clouds float in air, and ships along the tide :  
In rural posture fields and oxen show,  
Trees wave, streams run, and color'd blossoms glow.

'Tis thus when Spring's soft vernal blooms appear,  
And throw a glory round the youthful year ;  
Or summer blazing o'er the heavenly blue,  
When swarming insects dip their wings in dew :  
In Autumn too, the same mild scene delights,  
To view the water, and enjoy the nights ;  
Nor less loud Winter wilder bliss denies,  
When Boreas bids the broad Euphrates rise :  
Then peaceful images amuse no more,  
But through the bridge the sounding surges roar,  
Widedashing, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore,  
The distant billow seems the heavens to lave,  
And the horizon stoops to drink the wave.

So the loud Euxine, whose compulsive sway  
Ne'er yet knew ebb or swift reflux of sea,

Rolls on eternal, and directly beats  
Against black Bosphorus' tempestuous streights;  
The Dardanells behold its lowering front,  
Gloom the Propontic, and the Hellespont.

Now swell your style, and let the flood conform,  
To the rouz'd tempest, and the roaring storm;  
In verse as rough let every torrent move,  
Froth the vex'd waves, and curl their head above;  
Let the green tide turn white with abrupt shock,  
And break the salt surge on the rugged rock:  
Not so where mazy rills meandering shine,  
The running silver trickles through the line;  
In smoother notes the whispering waters purl,  
The brook falls tuneful, and the waves uncurl;  
Hence images of different kinds abound,  
In all the volubility of sound,  
Applied to subjects, corresponding flow,  
Some loudly rough, and others sweetly low.  
Hence various styles appear in war, and peace,  
And every style has its peculiar grace;  
In epics here a hero strides away,  
And there Amyntor tunes his oaten lay,  
While o'er the lawn the lambkins frisk along,  
And with their bleatings fill the rural song;  
Or when still evening reddens o'er the sky,  
It bids her blushes round the welkin fly;  
In each soft cloud some color is express'd,  
Till with united glories burns the West:  
Then swarm the flies, the tinsel'd people run,

To bid adieu to the departing sun :  
With airy music sip the milky streams,  
And gild their coats in light's declining beams :  
Add that at eve cool Zephyr wakes the breeze,  
And sits in sighs upon the shivering trees ;  
Add that at eve Etesian breezes wake,  
With coming gales the leaves are seen to shake,  
Still trembling onward with th' approaching blast,  
Till on the dimply pool it breathes at last,  
Before the wind the water curls in rings,  
And the fann'd ocean frowns beneath his wings :  
Hence lyrics make the fields and swains rejoice,  
Or elegy lifts up her mournful voice ;  
The buskin'd hero treads the crowded stage,  
Or comic humor smiles along the page ;  
There Athens' friend Themistocles appears,  
And Cato glorious in his country's tears ;  
Thy lips, Timoleon, seal thy brother's doom,  
And Brutus bleeds in both his sons for Rome :  
Varanes there admires the bloody sign,  
Hung o'er the head of kneeling Constantine ;  
On Cannae's field see Paulus bath'd in gore,  
And Cæsar pass the Rubicon once more.

Thus he to whom the tuneful charms belong  
Of sacred numbers, and harmonious song ;  
Whom Pæan's art did at his birth inspire  
With a sweet finger for the Muse's lyre ;  
To whom the gift of genius fate has given,  
That golden blessing of indulgent heaven ;

Must study music to improve his art,  
And through the ear find entrance to the heart;  
While art and nature equally unite,  
Sound smooth the sense, and grace make wit polite.  
His easy lines unlabor'd seem to flow,  
Yet such that ease as pains alone bestow;  
While the fond reader, charm'd with every strain,  
Snatches a quill to imitate in vain.

Next it were fit that Picture claim'd his care,  
And well-bred man should every science share;  
From hence what beauties may not poets take?  
Hence learn a verse to paint the rattling snake:  
Through the gilt page he twists in color'd lines,  
And round the leaf in curling volumes twines:  
The reader thinks he sees the serpent slide,  
And almost feels him through his fingers glide.

Let Helen's beauty kindle sweet desire,  
In Zeuxis' colors, and with Homer's fire;  
Compare them both, and miss no single charm,  
But let each blush in equal spirit warm:  
The fine complexion let the Graces spread,  
And Paestan roses paint her cheek with red,  
While Venus bids her airs around her play,  
And Phœbus fills her eyes with tender day.

But Thornhill's draughts shall future hints supply,  
As long as Kensington with Greenwich vie;  
Where round her roof a thousand colors glow,



And Britain's rivers round the cieling flow.  
Here bold Description with her pencil stands,  
To roll the billows over shining sands :  
Strong on the eye th' inverted figures fall,  
And the rich cornice sets on fire the wall :  
Tame on his anchor here supports his head,  
And Humber heavy with his pigs of lead ;  
While Avon's waters into Severn roll,  
And the Tine tumbles out her mines of coal :  
There in green gold the Medway seems to burn,  
And pour down fishes from her foaming urn ;  
While silver Isis joins her husband Tame,  
And in each other lose their ancient name.

In sculpture too proportion learns to please,  
When every beauty swells by nice degrees ;  
Where by the chisel's meant the poet's pen,  
That files and polishes the works of men,  
Softens the rugged-surface of the song,  
Yet turns the feature regular and strong ;  
Commands the limbs in attitudes to rise,  
And live and walk before the reader's eyes.

Beneath her palm hence sun-burnt Egypt's seen,  
The roughen'd fret-work suits the matron's mien :  
In molten ore Minerva lends her aid,  
And lifts to life the rude unletter'd maid :  
Rais'd by her hand Nile's daughter quits the ground,  
Hardens her mummies, hears her sistrum sound,

Towers like her pyramids, sublimely bold,  
And almost rises half her height in gold.

So the slack rope the dextrous dancer tries,  
Poiz'd on a pole betwixt air, earth, and skies,  
Walks o'er the waves of heads that roll below,  
His limbs look supple, and his steps tread slow:  
Beneath his foot the sturdy cable bends,  
Mounts as he moves, and drops as he descends:  
Back start the crowd: he, glorying in his strength,  
Springs on his feet, and rises half his length.

By architecture last he lays the scheme,  
And by some model bids his genius flame,  
Works up the whole, and sees the building shine,  
In all its parts, with conduct and design:  
The poem rais'd upon so fine a plan,  
The test, the wonder, and delight of man,  
Will stand the shocks and injuries of time,  
Built upon nature, and the true sublime.

Thus life-resembling Allegory lies  
Behind a veil, remote from vulgar eyes:  
Transparent veil! in hieroglyphics wrought,  
Which only covers not obscures the thought;  
Where silver urns express the figur'd flood,  
And more is meant than first is understood;  
Old Age and Time in hoary forms appear,  
And proper emblems represent the year;

There oft blue Neptune for the sea is seen,  
And rivers rising from their beds in green;  
In golden lines th' autumnal season glows,  
And winter through a blustering period blows:  
Here brother twins unbar rude Fancy's gate,  
Dress her wild dreams, and on the goddess wait,  
Romantic dreams ! from superstition sprung,  
Which Ariosto taught, and Spenser sung.  
Then every grotto in its Genius spoke,  
And Hamadryads from each hollow oak ;  
Ev'n Echo learn'd to answer to her name,  
And babbled louder than the babbling stream.

Now when some rival poem you peruse,  
O let not Envy blind the partial Muse !  
Where merit is, esteem it as your own,  
And in its triumphs let your light be shown ;  
Let Albion ask from whence an author came,  
And judge according to the writer's name ;  
French, English, Irish, be alike to you,  
And gladly give an Infidel his due :  
Scorn that mean artifice of unjust praise,  
Nor think to flatter, is to gain the bays ;  
Those two extremes the worthy will despise,  
Who hate with reason, and with reason prize.

And yet to malice sure I'm much oblig'd,  
On every side by calumny besieg'd :  
To critics much I owe, who make me mend ;  
And Envy I could almost call my friend ;

These taught my youthful steps an early care,  
To tread with caution, and proceed with fear:  
Oft in my mind their black aspersions came,  
And made me tremble at the love of fame;  
Ev'n now I dread their jealousy and spite,  
And faint in fancy every line I write.

How long before the Muses can succeed!  
To please the world is now a task indeed!  
All former methods vainly we pursue,  
The world is old, and calls for something new;  
Nothing will take with this judicious age,  
But lines well labor'd, and a studied page;  
Where rich variety relieves the mind,  
And beams of fancy strike the critic blind;  
Exalted notions which great souls contain,  
Thoughts big with life, and bursting from the brain;  
Surprising novelties that never tire,  
But lead the reader on from fire to fire.

Avoid the harshness of discordant chime,  
Sense ill atones for violated rhyme;  
R R's jar untuneful o'er the quivering tongue,  
And serpent S with hissings spoils the song:  
When triplets like the furies join their hands,  
Unlock their folds, and break their lawless bands;  
Else Cerberus like the threefold monster stands.  
'Tis true a triplet might succeed by chance,  
And ev'n twelve feet judiciously advance;  
But those experiments are fatal found,

And seldom us'd but when we call for sound :  
All Alexandrines from the page expunge,  
That o'er the paper take an unwieldy lunge.

Compounded epithets had need be few,  
But those familiar, and uncommon too ;  
Some oft like Janus wear a double face,  
A mongrel mixture, and a motley-race ;  
With those the mountains must be always bleak,  
And no kind north wind stir the sleeping lake ;  
But ever-fanning breezes cool the morn,  
And suns red-rising the grey dawn adorn.

Others to wild description turn their style,  
Make storms blow gently, and black whirlwinds  
    smile ;  
From each dark point the scattering clouds disperse,  
And gleams of golden sun-shine gild the verse :  
Without Apollo's necessary aid,  
What is description ? an eternal shade.  
Weak eyes and judgments glaring objects strike ;  
Both are but dazzled and deceiv'd alike.

But above all avoid that Siren sea,  
Where men of wit are often cast away ;  
A tempting vice, long mentioned in the schools,  
The pride of coxcombs, and the food of fools :  
Here vanity holds forth her flattering glass,  
And self-conceit adores her swelling face ;  
Where rival worth in vain pretends to vie,



And every virtue lessens in her eye :  
With her own lightnings oft the fair she warms,  
And melts the heart of beauty by its charms ;  
The dart, directed at the man of wit,  
Flies wing'd with quills with which his genius writ ;  
The shaft that's pointed at the breast of beaux,  
Is fledg'd with feathers or brocaded clothes ;  
And statesmen (who like me are least afraid)  
Are caught in nets which they themselves have  
laid.

To charge with generous thoughts the clearest head,  
Consult the living, and read o'er the dead ;  
Where ancient wisdom grows more wise with age,  
And hoary seniors dignify the page ;  
Time's eldest-born ! sires grey to us in fame !  
The ancient's glory, but the modern's shame.  
Supreme of those inspired Plato see,  
A name rever'd by all antiquity :  
Pride of his sect, and honor of his kind ;  
A worthy Heathen, with a Christian mind,  
Whose style and manner moderns like so well,  
That he alone could Shaftesbury excell.

In those fam'd days of literature and taste,  
Liv'd Porphyry's tutor, and Zenobia's guest !  
Aurelian's dread ! endow'd with every art,  
In which the two Minervas claim a part ;  
Whose character survives in the sublime,  
As the best judge and critic of his time.

How courtier-like gay Horace ridicules,  
While he refines on Aristotle's rules,  
By Pindar taught to tune th' Ausonian lyre,  
With Grecian elegance, and Roman fire :  
In him Alcaeus thunders once again,  
Temper'd by Sappho's more harmonious strain ;  
While in thick fits her softer lightnings play,  
Flash through the lines, and doubly gild the day.

Read Cicero ; consider Plutarch well,  
What man he was let Chaeronea tell :  
In Arnè long this patriot pass'd his days,  
Nor could Boeotian climes obscure his praise ;  
To him the noblest heroes lives were known,  
Who studied others to improve his own.

The Mantuan swan on Mincio's margin sings,  
Or o'er Cremona claps his mourning wings ;  
To Tyber's banks and solitudes retires,  
And mid his poplars feels poetic fires :  
Courts the cool osier's green refreshing bed,  
Or through the willows shews his silver head ;  
Or sails with transport down the tuneful tide,  
Sweet-warbling Vida swimming by his side :  
At Naples too they tell those birds are seen,  
To keep together on the haunted green ;  
Brundusium oft with sudden song surprise,  
And warble as they journey through the skies,  
To mild Parthenope's delightful shore,  
And lands belov'd by Virgil long before.

See Heaven descend in Homer's awful lines,  
Where all the god and all the hero shines ;  
Behind Achilles lags devouring Death,  
And the lines run the reader out of breath :  
Thunders and lightnings blaze before his eyes,  
Blue streams the sulphur from poetic skies !  
Line after line the flood of light rolls on,  
Foams to a fire, and brightens to a sun !

These are the oracles of Learning now,  
Consult those books, and to those Sibyls bow ;  
These are the lights that call good actions forth,  
Revive their value, and emblaze their worth ;  
By those great souls let Regulus be tried,  
And the brave Decii who for freedom died !

And is there not with whom you may advise,  
A friend to relish and to criticise ?  
One who has prov'd how hard it is to please,  
Not first to blame, nor yet the last to praise ;  
With whose good sense an author might be free,  
And whose good nature ne'er was flattery :  
When such the character, and such that shines,  
The name of Lawson need not end those lines :  
Such late was Parnell—oh ! too slightly mourn'd !  
With every Grace, with every Muse adorn'd !  
By Swift belov'd, by Pope lamented most,  
Lost to the world—to wit and friendship lost—  
Yet shall he live, while Taste is kept alive,  
And his lov'd Plato in his verse revive ;

Yet shall he live, as long as Truth shall charm  
In mystic Fable, or fair Virtue warm ;  
The first remember'd in our weak essays,  
With honor mention'd, dignify'd with praise.

Nor let proud Albion thus her neighbours scorn,  
As if her sons alone were poets born ;  
We too may boast ourselves the sons of fame,  
Nor are we foreign to that sacred name :  
Juverna's genius yet shall wear the bay,  
And drink as deep of Helicon as they ;  
In spite of all our hopeful foes abroad,  
Prevail at last, and soar into a God ;  
The Dunciad comes, sure omen of their fate,  
And Ireland yet may be the Muses' seat.

O! could I live to see my country shine,  
Our sable cliffs invite the tuneful Nine ;  
Those barren rocks with bays immortal smile,  
And Phœbus bless his once-beloved isle :  
With life itself I gladly then would part,  
My country's glories throbbing at my heart.

What's to be done in this august affair !  
First let us banish all our foreign ware ;  
Our foolish fondness for Italian lays,  
And look at home for bards and better days :  
Roscommon, Parnell, both, alas, are lost !  
And few indeed the present times can boast !

Yet let those few be valued as they shou'd,  
Here shew your taste and judgment to be good :  
Judgment ! that touch-stone that directs our thoughts,  
That shows us all our beauties with our faults ;  
Sound judgment will direct us what to do,  
And how to think of men and manners too ;  
Wit join'd with judgment gilds good sense with light,  
As diamond solid, and as diamond bright !

Thus far a youthful Muse presum'd to sing,  
To growing bards, upon a venturous wing :  
In cloister'd shades and academic groves,  
Whose peaceful glooms a musing fancy loves ;  
Where learned Usher bless'd the reverend pile,  
And Alma's glories in her Berkeley smile ;  
Where sacred Brown indulg'd the thoughtful hours,  
In sage recesses, and Athenian bowers :  
Where Parnell wak'd the long-forgotten strain,  
And old Ierne strings her harp again :  
Here pleas'd to listen to the well-known sound,  
And hail our mother rising from the ground ;  
Shake off the dust that soil'd the silent wire,  
And tune once more her venerable lyre,  
While green with ivy grow her awful walls,  
And from her face the Druid's mantle falls :  
Along the park, beneath the quivering trees,  
I walk retir'd, and court the cooling breeze,  
Where the tall elms project the brownest shade,  
There oft the Muses wander through the glade ;



There oft I follow beauty with surprise,  
And drink sweet numbers from inspiring eyes ;  
With eager steps I cross the verdant stage,  
And soon transplant them to my borrow'd page ;  
Each maid I meet I set her graces down,  
Hence critics say those thoughts are not my own.

Fine is the secret, delicate the part,  
To praise with prudence, and address with art ;  
Encomium chiefly is that kind of wit,  
Where compliments should indirectly hit ;  
From different subjects take their sudden rise,  
And, least expected, cause the more surprise :  
“ For none have been with admiration read,  
“ But who, beside their learning, were well bred.”  
Such suit all tastes, on every tongue remain,  
Forbid our blushes, and prevent our pain ;  
Such subjects best a Boyle might understand,  
These call, my Lord, for an uncommon hand ;  
To turn the finer features of the soul,  
To paint the passions sparkling as they roll :  
The power of numbers, the superior art,  
To wind the springs that move the beating heart ;  
With living words to fire the blood to rage,  
Or pour quick fancy on the glowing page ;  
This be thy praise, nor thou this praise refuse,  
From no unworthy, nor ungrateful Muse ;  
A Muse as yet unblemish'd, as unknown,  
Who scorns all flattery, and who envies none ;

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Of wrongs forgetful, negligent of fame,  
Who found no patron, and who lost no name;  
Indifferent what the world may think her due,  
Whose friends are many, though her years are few.

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st. II.  
EW.  
EPISTLE III.

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ON  
SCRIBBLING AGAINST GENIUS.

---

BY EDWARD ROLLE, B. D.

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No single rule's more frequently enjoin'd  
Than this: "Observe the bias of your mind."  
However just by every one confess'd,  
There's not a rule more frequently transgress'd;  
For mortals, to their int'rest blind, pursue  
The thing they like, not that they're fit to do.

This Verro's fault, by frequent praises fir'd,  
He several parts had try'd, in each admir'd.  
That Verro was not ev'ry way complete,  
'Twas long unknown, and might have been so yet:  
But music-mad, th' unhappy man pursu'd  
That only thing heav'n meant he never should;  
And thus his proper road to fame neglected,  
He's ridicul'd for that he but affected.  
Would men but act from nature's secret call,  
Or only, where that fails, not act at all:  
If not their skill, they'd shew at least good sense,—  
They'd get no fame—nor would they give offence.

Not that where some one merit is deny'd,  
Men must be every way unqualify'd;  
Nor hold we, like that wrong-concluding wight,  
A man can't fish—because he could not write.  
View all the world around : each man design'd  
And furnish'd for some fav'rite part you find.  
That, sometimes low : yet this, so small a gift,  
Proves nature did not turn him quite adrift.  
The phlegmatic, dull, awkward, thick, gross-witted,  
Have all some clumsy work for which they're fitted.  
'Twas never known, in men a perfect void,  
Ev'n I and Tibbald might be well employ'd ;  
Would we our poverty of parts survey,  
And follow as our genius led the way.

What then ? obedient to that turn of mind  
Should men jog on to one dull path confin'd ;  
From that small circle never dare depart,  
To strike at large, and snatch a grace from art ?  
At least with care forbidden paths pursue ?  
Who quits the road, should keep it still in view :  
From genius some few 'scapes may be allow'd ;  
But ever keep within its neighbourhood.

But Cibber, faithless to his bias see,  
With giant-sin opposing heav'n's decree.  
Still fond where he should not, he blunders on  
With all that haste fools make to be undone.  
Want of success his passion but augments :  
Like eunuchs-rage of love, from impotence.

'Mongst all the instances of genius crost,  
The rhyming tribe are those who err the most.  
Each piddling wretch who hath but common sense,  
Or thinks he hath, to verse shall make pretence ;  
Why not ? 'tis their diversion, and 'twere hard  
If men of their estates should be debarr'd.  
Thus wealth with them gives every thing beside :  
As people worth so much are qualify'd :  
They've all the requisites for writing fit,  
All but that one—some little share of wit.  
Give way, ye friends, nor with fond pray'rs proceed  
To stop the progress of a pen full speed.  
'Tis heav'n, incens'd by some prodigious crime,  
Thus for men's sins determines them to rhyme.  
Bad men, no doubt ; perhaps 'tis vengeance due  
For shrines they've plunder'd, or some wretch they  
slew.

Whate'er it be, sure grievous is th' offence,  
And grievous is (heaven knows !) its recompence.  
At once in want of rhyme, and want of rest ;  
Plagues to themselves, and to mankind a jest :  
Seduc'd by empty forms of false delight—  
Such, in some men, their deadly lust to write !

Ev'n I, whose genius seems as much forgot,  
(Mine when I write, as your's when you do not ;)  
Who gravely thus can others' faults condemn,  
Myself allowing, what I blame in them ;  
With no pretence to Phœbus' aid divine,  
Nor the least int'rest in the tuneful Nine,



With all the guilt of impotence in view,  
Griev'd for past sins, but yet committing new ;  
Whate'er the wits may say, or wise may think,  
Am fooling every way with pen and ink.  
When all who wish me best, begin t' advise,  
' That being witty, is not being wise ;  
' That if the voice of int'rest might be heard,  
' For one who wears a gown,—would be preferr'd—  
Incorrigibly deaf, I feign a yawn ;  
And mock their just conclusions ere they're drawn.

If to my practice, they oppos'd my theme ;  
And pointed, how I swam against the stream :  
With all the rancor of a bard in rage,  
I'd quote 'em half the writers of the age ;  
Who in a wrath of verse, with all their might  
Write on, howe'er unqualify'd to write.

11.  
EPISTLE IV.

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ON

THE DANGER

OF

WRITING VERSE.

---

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

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Quae poterunt umquam satis expurgare cicutae,

Ni melius dormire putem quam scribere versus?

Hor.

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You ask me, Sir, why thus by phantoms aw'd,  
No kind occasion tempts the Muse abroad?  
Why, when retirement soothes this idle art,  
To fame regardless sleeps the youthful heart?

'Twould wrong your judgment, should I fairly say  
Distrust or weakness caus'd the cold delay:  
Hint the small diff'rence till we touch the lyre,  
'Twixt real genius and too strong desire;  
The human slips, or seeming slips pretend,  
That rouse the critic, but escape the friend;  
Nay which, though dreadful when the foe pursues,  
You pass, and smile, and still provoke the Muse.

Yet, spite of all you think, or kindly feign,  
My hand will tremble while it grasps the pen.  
For not in this, like other arts, we try  
Our light excursions in a summer sky,  
No casual flights the dangerous trade admits,  
But wits, once authors, are for ever wits.  
The fool in prose, like earth's unwieldy son,  
May oft rise vig'rous, though he's oft o'erthrown;  
One dangerous crisis marks our rise or fall,  
By all we're courted, or we're shun'd by all.

Will it avail, that unmatu'r'd by years,  
My easy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,  
If now condemn'd, my riper lays must bear  
The wise man's censure, and the vain man's sneer?  
Or, still more hard, ev'n where he's valued most,  
The man must suffer, if the poet's lost;  
For wanting wit, be totally undone,  
And barr'd all arts, for having fail'd in one.  
When fears like these his serious thoughts engage,  
No bugbear phantom curbs the poet's rage;  
'Tis powerful reason holds the strengthen'd rein,  
While flutt'ring fancy to the distant plain  
Sends a long look, and spreads her wings in vain.

But grant, for once, th' officious Muse has shed  
Her gentlest influence on his infant head,  
Let fears lie vanquish'd, and resounding Fame  
Give to the bellowing blast the poet's name.  
And see! distinguish'd from the crowd he moves,

Each finger marks him, and each eye approves !  
Secure, as halcyons brooding o'er the deep,  
The waves roll gently, and the thunders sleep,  
Obsequious nature binds the tempest's wings,  
And pleas'd, attention listens whilst he sings !

O blissful state, O more than human joy !  
What shafts can reach him, or what cares annoy ?  
What cares, my friend ? why all that man can know,  
Oppress'd with real or with fancy'd woe.  
Rude to the world, like earth's first lord expell'd,  
To climes unknown, from Eden's safer field ;  
No more eternal springs around him breathe,  
Black air scowls o'er him, deadly damps beneath ;  
Now must he learn, misguided youth, to bear  
Each varying season of the poet's year :  
Flatt'ry's full beam, detraction's wintry store,  
The frowns of fortune, or the pride of pow'r.  
His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,  
Each folly blazon'd, and each frailty known.  
Is he reserv'd ?—his sense is so refin'd,  
It ne'er descends to trifle with mankind.  
Open and free ?—they find the secret cause  
Is vanity ; He courts the world's applause.  
Nay, though he speak out, something still is seen,  
Each change of face betrays a fault within.  
If grave, 'tis spleen ; he smiles but to deride ;  
And downright awkwardness in him is pride.  
Thus must he steer through fame's uncertain seas,  
Now sunk by censure, and now puff'd by praise ;

Contempt with envy strangely mix'd endure,  
Fear'd where caress'd, and jealous though secure.

One fatal rock on which good authors split,  
Is thinking all mankind must like their wit;  
And the grand business of the world stand still  
To listen to the dictates of their quill.  
Hurt if they fail, and yet how few succeed!  
What's born in leisure men of leisure read;  
And half of those have some peculiar whim  
Their test of sense, and read but to condemn.

Besides, on parties now our fame depends,  
And frowns or smiles, as these are foes or friends.  
Wit, judgment, nature join; you strive in vain;  
'Tis keen invective stamps the current strain.  
Fix'd to one side, like Homer's gods, we fight,  
These always wrong, and those for ever right.  
And would you choose to see your friend, resign'd  
Each conscious tie which guides the virtuous mind,  
Embroider'd in factions, hurl with dreadful skill  
The random vengeance of his desp'rate quill;  
'Gainst pride in man with equal pride declaim,  
And hide ill-nature under Virtue's name?  
Or deeply vers'd in flattery's wily ways,  
Flow in full reams of undistinguish'd praise?  
To vice's grave, or folly's bust bequeath  
The blushing trophy, and indignant wreath?  
Like Egypt's priests, bid endless temples rise,  
And people with earth's pests th' offended skies?



The Muse of old her native freedom knew,  
And wild in air the sportive wand'rer flew :  
On worth alone her bays eternal strow'd,  
And found the hero, ere she hymn'd the god.  
Nor less the chief his kind support return'd,  
No drooping Muse her slighted labors mourn'd ;  
But stretch'd at ease she prun'd her growing wings,  
By sages honor'd and rever'd by kings.  
Ev'n knowing Greece confess'd her early claim,  
And warlike Latium caught the gen'rous flame.  
Not so our age regards the tuneful tongue,  
'Tis senseless rapture all, and empty song :  
No Pollio sheds his genial influence round,  
No Varus listens whilst the groves resound.  
Ev'n those, the knowing and the virtuous few,  
Who noblest ends by noblest means pursue,  
Forget the poet's use ; the powerful spell  
Of magic verse, which SIDNEY paints so well.  
Forget that Homer wak'd the Grecian flame,  
That Pindar rous'd inglorious Thebes to fame,  
That every age has great examples giv'n  
Of virtue taught in verse, and verse inspir'd by  
heaven.

But I forbear—these dreams no longer last,  
The times of fable and of flights are past.  
To glory now no laurel'd suppliants bend,  
No coins are struck, no sacred domes ascend.  
Yet ye, who still the Muse's charms admire,  
And best deserve the verse your deeds inspire,

Ev'n in these gainful unambitious days,  
Feel for yourselves at least, ye fond of praise,  
And learn one lesson taught in mystic rhyme,  
“ 'Tis verse alone arrests the wings of Time.”  
Fast to the thread of life, annex'd by Fame,  
A sculptur'd medal bears each human name,  
O'er Lethe's streams the fatal threads depend,  
The glitt'ring medal trembles as they bend;  
Close but the shears, when chance or nature calls,  
The birds of rumor catch it as it falls;  
Awhile from bill to bill the trifle's tost,  
The waves receive it, and 'tis ever lost!

But should the meanest swan that cuts the stream  
Consign'd to Phœbus, catch the favor'd name,  
Safe in her mouth she bears the sacred prize  
To where bright Fame's eternal altars rise.  
'Tis there the Muse's friends true laurels wear,  
There Egypt's monarch reigns, and great Augustus  
there.

Patrons of arts must live 'till arts decay,  
Sacred to verse in every poet's lay.  
Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth proclaim,  
Thus grateful Britain doats on Somer's name.  
And spite of party rage, and human flaws,  
And British liberty, and British laws,  
Times yet to come shall sing of ANNA's reign,  
And bards, who blame the measures, love the men.

But why round patrons climb th' ambitious bays?  
Is interest then the sordid spur to praise?  
Shall the same cause, which prompts the chatt'ring  
jay

To aim at words, inspire the poet's lay?  
And is there nothing in the boasted claim  
Of living labors and a deathless name?  
The pictur'd front, with sacred fillets bound?  
The sculptur'd bust with laurels wreath'd around?  
The annual roses scatter'd o'er his urn,  
And tears to flow from poets yet unborn?

Illustrious all! but sure to merit these,  
Demands at least the poet's learned ease.  
Say, can the bard attempt what's truly great,  
Who pants in secret for his future fate?  
Him serious toils, and humbler arts engage,  
To make youth easy, and provide for age;  
While lost in silence hangs his useless lyre,  
And though from heaven it came, fast dies the sacred  
fire.

Or grant true genius with superior force  
Bursts every bond, resistless in its course,  
Yet lives the man, how wild soe'er his aim,  
Would madly barter fortune's smiles for fame?  
Or distant hopes of future ease forego,  
For all the wreaths that all the Nine bestow?  
Well pleas'd to shine, through each recording page,  
The hapless Dryden of a shameless age?

Ill-fated bard ! where-e'er thy name appears,  
The weeping verse a sad memento bears.  
Ah ! what avail'd th' enormous blaze between  
Thy dawn of glory, and thy closing scene !  
When sinking nature asks our kind repairs,  
Unstrung the nerves, and silver'd o'er the hairs :  
When stay'd reflection comes uncall'd at last,  
And gray experience counts each folly past,  
Untun'd and harsh the sweetest strains appear,  
And loudest Paeans but fatigue the ear.

'Tis true the man of verse, though born to ills,  
Too oft deserves the very fate he feels.  
When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,  
He shares in every vice with every lord :  
Makes to their taste his sober sense submit,  
And 'gainst his reason madly arms his wit ;  
Heav'n but in justice turns their serious heart  
To scorn the wretch, whose life belies his part.

He, only he, should haunt the Muse's grove,  
Whom youth might reverence and grey hairs approve ;  
Whose heav'n-taught numbers, now, in thunder  
roll'd  
Might rouse the virtuous and appal the bold.  
Now, to truth's dictates lend the grace of ease,  
And teach instruction happier arts to please.  
For him would PLATO change their gen'ral fate,  
And own one poet might improve his state.

Curs'd be their verse, and blasted all their bays,  
Whose sensual lure th' unconscious ear betrays;  
Wounds the young breast, ere virtue spreads her  
shield,

And takes, not wins, the scarce disputed field,  
Though specious rhet'ric each loose thought refine,  
Though music charm in every labor'd line,  
The dangerous verse, to full perfection grown,  
BAVIUS might blush, and QUARLES disdain to own.

Should some MACHAON, whose sagacious soul  
Trac'd blushing nature to her inmost goal,  
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,  
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,  
Nor cooling herb, nor healing balm supply,  
Ease the swoln breast, or close the languid eye;  
But, exquisitely ill, awake disease,  
And arm with poisons every baleful breeze:  
What racks, what tortures must his crimes demand,  
The more than BORGIA of a bleeding land!  
And is less guilty he, whose shameless page  
Not to the present bounds its subtile rage,  
But spreads contagion wide, and stains a future age?

Forgive me, Sir, that thus the moral strain,  
With indignation warm'd, rejects the rein;  
Nor think I rove regardless of my theme,  
'Tis hence new dangers clog the paths to fame.  
Not to themselves alone such bards confine  
Fame's just reproach for virtue's injur'd shrine;



Profan'd by them, the Muse's laurels fade,  
Her voice neglected, and her flame decay'd.  
And the son's son must feel the father's crime,  
A curse entail'd on all the race that rhyme.

New cares appear, new terrors swell the train,  
And must we paint them ere we close the scene?  
Say, must the Muse th' unwilling task pursue,  
And to complete her dangers mention you?  
Yes you, my friend, and those whose kind regard  
With partial fondness views this humble bard:  
Ev'n you he dreads.—Ah! kindly cease to raise  
Unwilling censure, by exacting praise.  
Just to itself the jealous world will claim  
A right to judge; or give, or cancel fame.  
And, if th' officious zeal unbounded flows,  
The friend too partial is the worst of foes.

Behold th' Athenian sage, whose piercing mind  
Had trac'd the wily lab'rins of mankind,  
When now condemn'd, he leaves his infant care  
To all those evils man is born to bear.  
Not to his friends alone the charge he yields,  
But nobler hopes on juster motives builds;  
Bids ev'n his foes their future steps attend,  
And dar'd to censure, if they dar'd offend.  
Would thus the poet trust his offspring forth,  
Or bloom'd our BRITAIN with ATHENIAN worth:  
Would the brave foe th' imperfect work engage  
With honest freedom, not with partial rage,

---

What just productions might the world surprise !  
What other POPES, what other MAROS rise !

But since by foes, or friends alike deceiv'd,  
Too little those, and these too much believ'd;  
Since the same fate pursues by diff'rent ways,  
Undone by censure, or undone by praise;  
Since bards themselves submit to vice's rule,  
And party feuds grow high, and patrons cool :  
Since, still unnam'd, unnumber'd ills behind  
Rise black in air, and only wait the wind :  
Let me, O let me, ere the tempest roar,  
Catch the first gale, and make the nearest shore ;  
In sacred silence join th' inglorious train,  
Where humble peace, and sweet contentment reign;  
If not thy precepts, thy example own,  
And steal through life not useless, though unknown.

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EPISTLE V.

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TO  
*LORD MELCOMBE.*

---

FROM  
RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

---

I'VE often thought, my Lord, the thing now true,  
Said by Lord Bute, but what I've learn'd from you:  
"We shall lose poetry:" In this alone  
Too short,—he might have added, "Wit is gone."

How came this prime delight of man thus lessen'd  
From its full orb down to a thumb-nail crescent?  
With me the case admits not of a doubt!  
The fact is, poesy itself's worn out.  
To you, my Lord, this notion I submit,  
Who knew and help'd to make this age of wit,  
Mix'd with those demi-gods in verse and prose,  
Congreves, and Addisons, and Garths, and Rowes,  
Heroes of giant limb, and high renown,  
Whose deeds we wonder at, and hide our own;  
Whom but to copy in their idle fits,  
Would break the backs of puny modern wits.

To set this matter in the clearest light,  
And be myself th' example while I write,  
Let us, my Lord, if so it may avail,  
And you have patience for a long detail,  
Give the Earl's sentence a poetic turn;  
Let it run thus: " See all Parnassus mourn,  
" Mute ev'ry muse, see George's praise unsung,  
" Their laurels scatter'd, and their lyres unstrung,  
" Apollo veils with mists his beamy head,  
" Nay, Aganippe murmurs something sad."  
Say, will this style, my Lord, go down or no,  
Glib as it did two thousand years ago?  
I fancy scarce, and favor'd, if it pass  
From a raw school-boy in the second class:  
The reason then why no disgust it drew,  
Was, that it might be Truth, for aught they knew.  
Those early ages no mistrust had shewn,  
Ready their faith, their manners roughly hewn,  
And while both Reason and Suspicion doz'd,  
Priest, Poet, Prophet, Patriot, impos'd.

With all that either broach'd, the world content,  
Believ'd still farther than they could invent,  
All irrealities came forth reveal'd  
By pow'rful Fancy into fact congeal'd.  
Then Poetry had elbow-room enough,  
And not restrain'd, as now, for want of stuff;  
The great abyss of Fable open stood,  
And nothing solid rose above the flood.

A new Religion spreading ev'ry where,  
The stock of Poetry fell under par;  
For Oracles grew dumb, as men grew wise,  
None saw for those, who saw with their own eyes.  
To waste her leaves no more the sybil chooses,  
They and her tripod serve for other uses.  
No more the Jesuit prompts her what to tell;  
For to say Middleton and Fontenelle.

But the new doctrines being found too pure,  
Some able doctors undertook its cure;  
It serv'd no purposes but saving sinners,  
They added that by which themselves were winners;  
Ghosts, Devil, Witches, Conjurors, in flocks  
Came, like a new subscription, to the stocks;  
And Poetry, enlarg'd with a new range,  
Began to shew her head again in Change.

The world grown old, its youthful follies past,  
Reason assumes her reign, tho' late, at last.  
By slow degrees, and laboring up the hill,  
Step after step, yet seeming to stand still,  
She wins her way, wherever she advances;  
Satyr no more, nor Fawn, nor Dryad dances.  
The groves, tho' trembling to a natural breeze,  
Dismiss their horrors, and shew nought but trees.  
Before her, Nonsense, Superstition fly;  
We burn no Witch, let her be e'er so dry:



A woman now may live, tho' past her prime,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Bankrupt of deities, with all their train,  
And set to work without his tools in vain,  
Not genius-crampt (but what can genius do  
When it's tied down to one and one make two?)  
How can poor Poet stir? In such a case  
We must do something to supply their place.

See, at his beck, all Nouns renouncing sense,  
Start into persons of some consequence.  
Proud of new being, tread poetic ground,  
And aggregate their attributes around;  
These he may use of right, as his own growth,  
In all the rest confin'd to sober Truth.

To bless a nation, see Charlotta come,  
'Twas Anson, and not Neptune, brought her home.  
A single Nereid stirr'd not from below,  
The duce a conch did e'er one Triton blow;  
But, in revenge she plough'd her subject main,  
With every virtue 'tending in her train.  
Hark, 'tis a people's universal voice,  
That bless, while they approve their Sov'reign's  
choice.

On such a theme, my Lord, might one extend  
Far as one would, nor strictest Truth offend,

'Twere only proper epithets to find,  
To every grace of person and of mind ;  
With decent dress, and emblem to improve  
All that can merit our esteem and love.  
But then to Poetry where's the pretence ?  
Locke and Sir Isaac write not plainer sense,  
From the first ages down to modern time,  
Derive the pleasing stream of verse and rhyme,  
However vast from its first source it rose,  
Th' inverted river dwindles as it flows.

Thus from the lunar hills some other Nile,  
Swoln with new stores from snows that melt the while,  
Stretches his current on to fiercer suns,  
And glads a thousand nations as he runs,  
Till having reach'd, proud of his long career,  
Those sands which belt the middle of our sphere,  
Exhal'd, absorb'd, diverted, dry foot cross'd,  
And, finger'd into rivulets, is lost.

Fall'n cherub ; Simile ! who erst divine,  
Cloath'd with transcendant beauty didst outshine  
Plain angel Poesy ; how art thou lost !  
Sunk in Oblivion's pit ! from what height toss'd !

Thus to plain Narrative confin'd alone,  
Figure, Description, Simile quite gone ;  
The whole affair evinc'd which we contend,  
The thing has had its day, and there's an end.

With Milton, Epic drew its latest breath,  
Since Shakspeare, Tragedy puts us to death;  
Th' assassin Satire sheaths the keen stiletto,  
And languishes, depriv'd of the Concetto;  
The age with pious eye no longer views  
The great mortality of gross abuse.

Soft Elegy has dried up all her tears,  
And Gray composes once in seven years;  
Celia's and Delia's shine no more in song,  
Nor ballad bauls the deafen'd streets along.

My Lord, a little patience further still,  
To "Wit is gone," by way of codicil;  
Who will but say the thing that hears me tell?—  
The man mistakes—Lord Melcombe's very well,  
Suppose I said—O could I! War is done,  
Means it there's no such thing, as sword, or gun?  
Party and Faction dead, whoever grants,  
Means he that every man has what he wants?  
In all these cases is implied alone,  
That there's no object to employ them on.

A Court, my Lord, and Minister to hit,  
And cry corruption, make all public wit:  
'Tis on this sense my reason chiefly stands—  
There may be cash enough in private hands.  
Now where could Malice bite, or Envy sting,  
The polish'd model of a perfect King?

Of Ministers what mighty matters tell ?  
They give, we know, but neither buy nor sell.

Add we to what we've said, this little more,  
That all that can be wrote, is wrote before ;  
That pool of knowledge fish'd, poach'd, dragg'd, and  
drain'd,  
Till nothing bigger than a grig remain'd ;  
And painful writers think it a good day,  
If they can hook a news-paper essay,  
And must remain so till blank years of grace,  
Suspending future writing, shall take place ;  
Put down our piddling, bobbing, and allow  
The spawn and fry of Science time to grow.

But while we're on this subject, 'tis worth thinking,  
How little salt has kept this world from stinking ;  
'Tis the same wit, at different times alive,  
Sunk at Whitehall, to rise up at Queenhithe.

Born in whatever clime, whatever age,  
We trace it first from the Athenian stage,  
Where Liberty a little licence claim'd,  
There, just as somewhere else, that shan't be nam'd ;  
Taught all her sons this fav'rite to adore,  
Much for itself, because abusive more ;  
For every comic writer braided it,  
Two threads of Scandal to one thread of Wit :  
O'er all, see Aristophanes preside,

And flash his lightnings round on every side,  
Struck the sham patriot, the swoln Poet wasted,  
Alas! e'en Socrates himself he blasted.

What was the burst directly over head,  
So loud its echo, now its fires so red,  
Tho' oft thro' Time's thick cloud the trembling  
gleam  
We only catch, but miss the vivid beam;  
While half-seen thoughts, like meteors, twinkle light,  
And draw their lucid trails athwart the night.

Hither, unto their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, swell their own peculiars,  
By tincture or reflection; Lucian hence,  
His golden urn replenish'd, and long since  
Rabelais from both his urinal drew full;  
From him, and them, Swift crowded his close-stool.  
Howe'er it came, with the strange passion stung,  
To raise his choicest fruit on rankest dung;  
Fully convinc'd his jessamine and rose  
Smelt sweetest, planted by his little house:  
Yet still some cleaner parts distinguish'd lay,  
Like cherry-stones upon a child's c-c--.

The nasty lines, my Lord, demand excuse,  
Happ'y the times are free from that abuse:  
Our decent manners all obscenity flout,  
And Wit is at one entrance quite shut out.



From hence, my Lord, Wit took a tour about,  
Residing in few countries on his rout,  
Appear'd in places, but ne'er took his seat in  
One spot of earth, except Greece, France, and Britain.  
The rest a single trophy only bear,  
And just enough to show he had been there.  
As Nature's ideot never fails to hit,  
Once in his life, on some sheer strokes of Wit ;  
Then stoops ten thousand fathoms down behind,  
Plump in his own vacuity of mind,  
A like excursion never to repeat  
To the warm regions of aetherial heat.  
Yet when we look at home, my Lord, at best,  
We find but little that will stand the test ;  
But then the boasted days of Charles the Second,  
Unless Debauchery for Wit is reckon'd,  
Most that they had appears, by looking back,  
A fungus growing on their butt of sack.  
E'en my good cousin Rochester's but barren,  
From wholesome meat if you deduct the carrion.

In the next reigns how could it flourish much ?  
Bigotry, Revolution, and the Dutch,  
Damp'd, like wet blankets, its aspiring flame,  
And if not quite extinguish'd, kept it tame,  
Till orient Anna lighted all its fires,  
And the glad stars responsive tun'd their choirs ;  
Pity she e'er left any in the lurch,  
To follow those who lighted her to church.

Then Halifax, my Lord, as you do yet,  
Stood forth the friend of Poetry and Wit;  
Sought silent Merit in its secret cell,  
And Heav'n, nay even man repaid him well.  
Man, in the praise of every grateful quill,  
And Heav'n in him, who bears his title still;  
Who, on a kingdom to his virtues won,  
Reflects the glories of our British Sun.

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EPISTLE VI.

---

TO A  
YOUNG LADY.

---

WITH FENTON'S MISCELLANIES.

FROM  
WALTER HARTE, M. A.

---

THESE various strains, where every talent charms,  
Where humour pleases, or where passion warms:  
(Strains, where the tender and sublime conspire,  
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire)  
Attend their doom, and wait, with glad surprise,  
Th' impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to say what mysteries of fate,  
What turns of fortune, on good writers wait.  
The party slave will wound them as he can,  
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.  
Nay, ev'n the Bards with wit and laurels crown'd,  
Bless'd in each strain, in every art renown'd:  
Misled by pride, and taught to sin by power,  
Still search around for those they may devour;  
Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,  
Who crush all might that can invade their own.

Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,  
So ruin bards—as beaux deceive the fair :  
On the pleas'd ear their soft deceits employ ;  
Smiling they wound, and praise but to destroy.  
These are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,  
And can the best of poets hope for praise ?

How small a part of human blessings share  
The wise, the good, the noble and the fair !  
Short is the date unhappy Wit can boast,  
A blaze of glory in a moment lost.  
Fortune, still envious of the great man's praise,  
Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.  
So (Hector dead) amid the female choir,  
Unmanly Paris tun'd the silver lyre.

Attend, ye Britons, in so just a cause,  
'Tis sure a scandal to with-hold applause ;  
Nor let posterity reviling say,  
Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away !  
Yet if the Muse may faith and merit claim  
(A Muse too just to bribe with venal fame),  
Soon shalt thou shine “in majesty avow'd ;  
“As thy own goddess breaking through a cloud.”  
Fame, like a nation-debt, though long delay'd,  
With mighty interest must at last be paid.

Like Vinci's strokes, thy verses we behold,  
Correctly graceful, and with labor bold.  
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,

---

And the soft sorrow steals from every eye.  
Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,  
Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.  
There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away  
With stories quaint, and gentle roundelay.

Muse! at that name each thought of pride recall,  
Ah, think how soon the wise and glorious fall;  
What though the Sisters every grace impart,  
To smooth thy verse, and captivate the heart:  
What though your charms, my fair Cleora, shine  
Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine:  
Yet shall the verses and the charms decay,  
The boast of youth, the blessing of a day!  
Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage  
Of wasting Envy, and devouring Age:  
One mingled heap of ruin now we see;  
Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus shall be!

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VI.

EPISTLE VII.

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TO

JAMES THOMSON, ESQ.

---

ON HIS SEASONS.

FROM

JAMES DELACOURT, B. A.

---

FROM sunless worlds, where Phoebus seldom smiles,  
But with his evening wheels hangs o'er our isles ;  
A Western Muse to worth his tribute pays,  
From regions bordering on the Hebrides :  
For thee the Irish harp, new strung, once more  
Greets our rough rocks, and bleak Hibernian shore :  
Thou, Thomson, bad'st my fingers wake the strings,  
And with thy praise the wild wood hollow rings ;  
The shades of reverend Druids hover round,  
And bend transported o'er the brazen sound.

So the wing'd bees that idly rove along,  
(Renown'd alike for sweets as those for song)  
If the shrill brass invite them from the sky,  
In dusky clusters round the music fly.

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Blest Bard ! with what new lustre dost thou rise,  
Soft as the Season o'er the Summer skies !  
Thy works a little world new-found appear,  
And thou the Phoebus of a Heaven so fair ;  
Thee their bright sovereign all the signs allow,  
And Thomson is the name for Nature now :  
Thou first could'st drive the coursers of the day,  
Nor through the dazzling glories lost thy way ;  
Thy steeds red hoofs, still trod th' eternal round,  
Nor threw the burning chariot to the ground.

So round Iulus' temples, blazing bright !  
In locks dishevel'd stream'd a length of light ;  
The prince unharm'd beheld the sparkles spread,  
Nor shook the shining honors from his head.

Beneath thy touch, Description paints anew,  
And the skies brighten to a purer blue ;  
Spring owes thy pencil her peculiar green,  
And drown'd in redder roses Summer's seen ;  
While hoary Winter whitens into cold,  
And Autumn bends beneath her bearded gold.

In various drapery see the rolling year,  
And the wild waste in sable spots appear ;  
O'er the black heath the bittern stalks alone,  
And to the naked marshes makes his moan ;  
Engulph'd in bogs behold his muddy beak,  
And the brown partridge feeding in the brake.

But chief the sweetest passion best you sing,  
The grove's soft theme, and symphony of Spring :  
How brindled lions roar with fierce desire,  
And in the waters Phocæe feel the fire ;  
There large Leviathan unwieldy raves,  
And burns though circled round with all his waves.  
But higher still, those wonders must give place  
To the new transports of a beauteous face !  
Its force on man—the touch—the glowing glance,  
The tempting bosom, and the tender trance !  
In those how strongly dost thou paint our care,  
And all the darling weakness of the fair ;  
What thanks must Beauty give in yielding hour,  
To warn them from us in the rosy bower !

A sudden flash of lightning turns my eye  
To thunder rumbling in the Summer sky !  
Beneath thy hand the flaming sheet is spread  
O'er heaven's wide face, and wraps it round with red ;  
With the broad blaze the kindling lines grow bright,  
And all the glowing page is fill'd with light ;  
Through the rough verse the thunder hoarsely roars,  
And on red wings the nimble lightning soars :  
Here thy Amelia starts, and, chill'd with fears,  
At every flash her eye-lids swim in tears ;  
What heart but beats for so divine a form,  
Pale as a lily sinking in the storm !  
What maid so cold to take a lover's part,  
But pities Celadon with all her heart !

How precious gems enrich each sparkling line,  
Add sun to sun, and from thy fancy shine!  
Here rocks of diamond blaze in broken ray,  
And sanguine rubies shed a blushing day;  
Blue shining sapphires a gay heaven unfold,  
And topaz lightens like transparent gold;  
Of evening tinct pale amethysts are seen,  
And emeralds paint their languid beams with green:  
While the clear opal courts the rural sight;  
And rains a shower of many-color'd light:  
Your sky-dipp'd pencil adds the proper glow,  
Stains each bright stone, and lets their lustre flow,  
Tempers the colors shifting from each beam,  
And bids them flash in one continued stream.

So have I seen the florid rainbow rise,  
In braided colors o'er the wat'ry skies,  
Where drops of light alternate fall away,  
And fainting gleams in gradual dies decay;  
But thrown together the broad arch displays  
One tide of glory! one collected blaze!

Where may those numbers find thee now retir'd?  
What lawn or grove is by the Muse admir'd?  
Dost thou in Stowe's delightful gardens stray,  
Or in the glooms of Doddington delay:  
There sweet embower'd some favorite author read,  
Or breathe the breezes of thy native Tweed;  
On her cool border rest reclin'd a while,

---

Mindful of Forbes, and of thy own Argyle?  
O! thou that only in this garb could'st please,  
And bring me over to commend thy lays,  
Where rhyme is wanting, but where fancy shines,  
And bursts like ripen'd ore above the mines :  
Enjoy thy genius, glory in thy choice,  
Whose Roman freedom has Roscommon's voice.

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EPISTLE VIII.

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*THE STAGE.*

---

TO

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

---

FROM

MR. WEBSTER,

OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD.

---

SINCE all the din of war begins to cease,  
And Britain's harass'd sons expect a peace,  
Since now her prudent senators design  
To change their laurels for the Gallic vine,  
To view less horrid scenes of death prepare  
The painted terrors of a theatre ;  
Where Mars still rages in the Poet's lines,  
Where the swoln flood still reeks in warlike rhymes,  
Where cannons but in loud descriptions roar,  
Nor wave in echoes frightful to the shore ;  
Where the shrill trumpet's clangor charms the ear,  
And beauteous circles, without trembling, hear  
The loud-mouth'd thunder of a fancied war ;  
If by an unfeign'd wound some hero dies,  
Love shoots the guilty darts from their too murderous  
eyes.

Nigh where, as when on Naseby's fatal plains,  
The brazen steed the royal martyr reins,  
A convent once (if we may credit Fame,  
And still the garden keeps its ancient name)  
A convent once there stood, a structure made  
To shun the world, where now the world is play'd :  
How decently 'twas built, what sins t'atone,  
What order fill'd the place, is yet unknown.  
Perhaps the spot where now stands Powell's stage,  
Where Punch chastises spouse with prompted rage,  
Was then some Friar's cell, where all unseen  
The pious Father fed his sacred spleen ;  
Nor Fiends nor Witches then were seen to fly,  
While Priests and holy-water were so nigh.  
No Lovers there in rhyme rehears'd their moan,  
But if a sigh was heard, 'twas penitence alone.

At length the world broke-in, and now the Player  
Attracts the Beau, the Critic, and the Fair ;  
Ev'n in the place which once the Monk possess'd  
(Strange shift of scenes !) fat Dominic's the jest.

Sweet is the flourish when the curtain draws,  
Sweet is the crowded theatre's applause  
Sweet are the strains when billing Lovers parle,  
But rough the cat-call and the Critic's snarl.  
Rough was the language, unadorned the stage,  
And mean his hero's dress in Shakspeare's age :  
No scepter'd Kings in royal robes were seen,  
Scarce could her guard defend their tinsel'd Queen,

Scarce could the house contain the listening shoal,  
Scarce had the mimic thunder room to roll ;  
But then wives, subjects, friends, 'tis sung, were true,  
And beaux (if such in England were) were few :  
Rare were their follies : this the moderns found,  
And prudently, since knaves and sots abound,  
Since crimes enlarge, and fopperies prevail,  
Enlarg'd the stage, which ought to be their flail,  
Now soars the theatre, a stately pile,  
Itself an emblem of the tragic style,  
Firm to its base, yet lofty to the sight,  
Lofty, yet each way equal to its height,  
Plain as the shepherd-nymph in russet weeds,  
Yet graceful as the actresses it breeds :  
Each meanest object props the main design,  
Art, Nature, Use, and Ornament combine.

Here wreath'd Apollo with his heavenly lyre  
Inflames the Muses with poetic fire,  
Their tuneful strains the jocund Muses sing,  
And tributary Bards their incense bring ;  
The God, with pleasing looks and crowns of bays,  
Smiles on their labors, and rewards their lays.

Here have I seen (and oh the pleasing sight !)  
Love, Hate, and Fury, in their truest light ;  
Here, when his crimes in public glar'd, I've seen  
The blushing lecher curse the babbling scene,  
Whilst he whom conscious Innocence secures,  
Unless when Virtue wrongs or scorn endures,

Smiles unconcern'd, as Socrates is said  
T' have sat at Athens when the Clouds were play'd.  
Sometimes the Tragic Muse destruction breathes,  
And strews th' embattled scene with bloodless deaths ;  
Sometimes a merrier garb the Drama wears,  
And every vice and every folly sneers.

His judgment great, and great must be his craft,  
That undertakes to make his audience laugh ;  
'Tis not a natural ninny must be shown,  
Expose the coxcomb, not the simpleton.  
The barbarous wretch, that toils to ridicule  
An honest, harmless, unconceited fool,  
As well, with Hamlet in the play, might slave  
To prove a villain is an errant knave.  
When Shadwell gives his idiot clown a miss,  
Gorg'd with the nauseous ass, true critics hiss,  
Hiss, and with reason bid the scribbling nisy,  
Go read Quintilian *de movendo risu*.

Nothing can more provoke a righteous spleen  
(Like that of Collier) than an impious scene.  
In Spain their martyr'd Saints (a sight preposterous)  
Kneel on the stage, and sing their Pater Nosters.  
This error claims the contrary extreme,  
Religion is for plays too great a theme,  
A theme that asks a more respected coat,  
A tongue that does not only move by rote.

Let those who dare attempt the Tragic Muse,  
Some standard author for their pattern choose;  
The man who Nature reconciles with Art,  
Who knows each pass, each folding of the heart,  
Who tyrannizes o'er the soul, is he:  
Such Shakspeare was, such Addison will be.

Such Shakspeare was indeed; for who can guard  
His inmost soul, when Shakspeare plies it hard?  
Can he that has a child, an only child,  
As Hotspur headstrong, and as Falstaff wild,  
See Bolingbroke in anguish for his son,  
See the king's sorrows, and forget his own?  
And can that child behold Lear's good old age,  
All dropping wet, come frantic on the stage,  
Or hear that impious pair his daughters play'd,  
Yet not his own ingratitude upbraid?  
He must, he must, 'tis Shakspeare reprimands;  
What guilt so bold his pious pen withstands?

All hail, immortal Bard! thy Muse disarms  
Each vice, and even when a slattern charms.  
Thou canst celestial sentiments express,  
Or necromantic rites in all their horrors dress,  
So the fam'd God of Eloquence (who smil'd  
On thy great birth, and chose thee for his child)  
In either regions language did excel,  
At once th' interpreter of Heaven and Hell.



Immortal Bard, all hail! may every Spring  
Around thy tomb the Nymphs of Avon bring!  
Around, ye grateful Nymphs, around him tread,  
Record his beauties, and bemoan him dead.

All hail, immortal Bard! thee witlings damn,  
For errors scarce enough to prove thee man:  
Errors there are, for who so partial sees  
The Prince of Playwrights in his Pericles?  
But when the youthful Dane to raptures swells  
At the sad tale his poison'd father tells;  
When Caesar triumphs, when his murderers plot,  
When Hecate deceives the valiant Scot;  
When Fairies round the ring, when Spirits fly,  
Compell'd by magic from their native sky,  
I know him then, I know the Muse's shrine,  
'Tis he, 'tis he himself, 'tis Shakspeare, 'tis divine.

None may attempt the next great Poet's fame,  
Whilst Denham's numbers blazon Jonson's name;  
'Twas he first methodis'd the Muse's rage,  
To him we owe correctness on the stage:  
By tracing Jonson's humorists and lays,  
Even blundering Shadwell now and then can please.

Apollo thus to bend his bow, 'tis said,  
Upon a senseless stone his lyre had laid;  
Th' infectious harmony the marble caught,  
His instrument a new one straight begot;

The stone when struck on imitating still  
In feeble sounds the master godhead's skill.

Shadwell perhaps may coast along the shore,  
But fears the dangerous ugly deep t' explore.  
Jonson alone with wit and judgment braves  
The rising storm, and quells the raging waves;  
Here distant twinkling beauties rarely meet,  
There's a bright galaxy of dazzling wit.

But like the Graces, moving hand in hand,  
Fletcher and Beaumont next the crown command:  
The first too far presuming on his wit,  
His lavish lays luxuriantly writ;  
Whilst Beaumont modell'd every darling thought,  
And interpos'd his beautifying blot,  
Taught him to manage the Pierian steed,  
Or curb him close, or urge his utmost speed.

Minerva thus, to rout the Thracian God,  
In the same chariot with Tydides rode;  
She wields the whip, his forward courage chides,  
His fiery self and fiery coursers guides,  
Now checks their haste, now thunders o'er the plain,  
The Hero darts the spear, the Goddess rules the rein.

Fletcher, when fir'd with a poetic heat,  
Was ever rambling after rant and wit;  
'Twas then his friend, all fortify'd with rules,  
Show'd him the scene could tickle none but fools.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, the guilty Poet stood,  
And blush'd himself should ever think it good.

So Bacchus, when he drove his conquering car  
O'er sun-burnt climes, and urg'd the Indian war,  
Soon as the generous grape had reach'd his head,  
His troops to many a rash adventure led;  
Silenus saw the fault, by his advice  
The God allay'd his rage, and cool'd his cup with ice.

Long felt the Drama an inglorious dearth,  
Nor wept the Tragic Muse, nor smil'd the Comic-  
Mirth.

At length his lyre harmonious Dryden strung,  
Excell'd in both, and both alternate sung.  
At first indeed he made his heroes rant,  
Or quibbled Folly in his Wild Gallant:  
But, as in music, when the artist long  
Has try'd each note, and dwelt upon the song,  
The strings become familiar to his hand,  
Around his lute the Graces take their stand;  
He rises in his skill, the crowd controls,  
And robs his ravish'd audience of their souls.  
Our Author so, when perfect in his art,  
Alarm'd the brave, and seiz'd the fair-one's heart.

So Nature's workmanship, in paint display'd,  
By mellowing Time more beautiful is made.

So Nature's self, whom he so well could paint,  
Acts as at first she suffer'd some restraint :  
The tender babe of less than pigmy size,  
Wrapt up and jelling in the cradle lies,  
By just degrees his little limbs dilate,  
By just degrees improves his growing state,  
At length he stretches to his utmost span,  
And looks, and stalks, that lordly creature, Man.

But what so potent charm, what chain so strong,  
Can curb or silence the malicious tongue ?  
Superior merit on the Laureat drew  
A Blackmore, Milbourne, and a Montagu :  
Angred at last, he threw his pencil down,  
Nor strove again to please a thankless town.  
Wrapp'd in the Prophet's robe arose his friend,  
Congreve alone the Hero's bow could bend,  
Congreve, his second-self, his Congreve rose,  
And soars like Dryden, and like Dryden flows.

Thus did Achilles from the dusty plain  
Laden with bays and injuries abstain ;  
But when Patroclus to the battle went,  
His golden panoply the Hero lent ;  
And him so well the mighty arms became,  
So like Achilles all his graceful frame,  
Both host a-gaze the raging war suspend,  
And none but Phoebus knows him from his friend.

Thy Comic Muse, and trust me, Congreve, I  
With greater truth than foresight prophecy,  
Far as thy Ben can sail, or waters flow,  
Receiv'd with praise thy Comic Muse shall go;  
Bless her, ye Lovers, for from her the Fair  
Have learnt to prize the constant in despair,  
No more your sighs, no more your tears are scorn'd,  
But Love for Love shall ever be return'd.

Some know the sock and some the buskin's pace,  
But Congreve treads in both with equal grace:  
When dress'd in widow'd weeds his Muse appears,  
Who can refuse the Mourning Bride his tears?

So when Adonis dy'd, her grief became,  
Well as her former mirth, the laughter-loving Dame.  
Long would the labor be, and vain the toil,  
To sing the master-strokes of Otway's stile,  
Ev'n the most loyal must his Pierre commend,  
Nor can his Orphan ever want a friend.

Read Etherege, you that would appear genteel;  
The friend, the father, and the mistress, Steele:  
How soft the scene where Cibber paints the Beau?  
How manly Wycherley! how moving Rowe!  
The lays how strong! how passionate the page!  
When Granville's Agamemnon mounts the stage!  
How loud the din when his magicians fight!  
When good Urganda battles for her knight,  
Spirits of air with Daemons dire engage,



Loud thunder bursts in volleys, lightnings rage,  
Shoots the blue ghastly gleam across the darken'd  
stage.

And thou, O Addison, no more detain  
The free-born Cato, struggling in his chain :  
'Tis Liberty he loves, disclose thy vast design,  
And let us see that every Muse is thine.  
And now the Isis proudly rears her head,  
See o'er her flowery lawns the Goddess tread,  
Thee, Heliconian Deity, I know,  
Accept the verse thy streams have taught to flow.  
But hark ! she claims aloud the laurel wreath,  
To bind the temples of her darling Smith,  
Alas ! to bind his temples !—he's no more,  
But wanders silent on the Stygian shore ;  
Long since the promis'd Bard in all his pride,  
In blooming beauty, like his Phaedra died.  
O were the Youth, the Youth so long deplor'd,  
Like his Hippolitus to life restor'd,  
Myriads of heroes should with him revive,  
And in his labor'd lays triumphant live.  
But hold ! to sing such Poets' praise, requires  
A genius great as Addison's or theirs.  
Do thou, my Muse, describe the bright abodes  
Of wits, of cits, of critics, beaux, and bawds,  
Of venal emperors, and earthling gods.  
Low lies the tribe, commanded by the box,  
That damn a play, or sign it orthodox,  
The pit they fill, the pit where punks patrol,

These look a luring leer, and those a gloomy scowl;  
Footman and 'prentice bawl in upper air,  
Bright in the middle sits enthron'd the fair.  
But neither footman's idiot laugh can please,  
Nor wounds the fiercer critic's envious hiss;  
Deign but, ye circles of the fair, to smile,  
Well is the Poet paid for all his labor'd style.

Now turn, and see, where, loaden with her freight,  
A damsel stands, and orange-wench is hight;  
See! how her charge hangs dangling by the rim,  
See! how the balls blush o'er the basket-brim;  
But little those she minds, the cunning belle  
Has other fish to fry, and other fruit to sell:  
See! how she whispers yonder youthful peer;  
See! how he smiles, and lends a greedy ear.  
At length 'tis done, the note o'er orange wrapt  
Has reach'd the box, and lies in lady's lap;  
Such Atalanta was, such golden fruit  
Gain'd the fair murderess in the hot pursuit.  
Poor pretty prostitute, thou kind relief  
To longing Lady, and to Gallant's grief:  
May that soft hand which both the boxes know,  
Plump as thy orange in their service grow;  
Still vend thy fruit, still give the billet right,  
So may both colors in thy cheeks unite,  
The fruit's vermilion, and the billet's white!

But hark, a fight! by some brisk spark indited,  
It is decreed the ladies must be frightened.

I hear the soldiers and the clarions roar,  
And see the battle enters at the door,  
Some two distinguish'd chiefs decide the cause,  
Who like true heroes bleed to gain applause.  
Porters in red with brandish'd whinyard vie,  
Fight as good friends, and for their living die;  
Here some the sabre's blunted terrors wield,  
There javelins splinter on the sun-bright shield,  
Their foils clash horrible, their faulchions jar,  
A harmless hubbub, and a pointless war;  
Each chief submits to what his roll decrees,  
Or conquers bravely, or as bravely dies.  
Meanwhile with throats expansive, visage glum,  
Legions of stentors trumpet, shout, and drum,  
Sound an alarm, retreat, rout, rally, overcome.

So have I seen, when custard was the prize,  
Whole troops of trencher-men and trainbands rise,  
Like more than men with formidable pride,  
Charge to the promis'd dinner up Cheapside,  
Present their pieces, pop, huzza around,  
And shake themselves, and shake the smoaking  
ground.

Say, whence their armor, whence the cask enchas'd  
With beamy gems, the cuirass richly lac'd,  
The waving plumage, and the burnish'd crest?  
Say, whence the coat of mail, the temper'd spear?  
Say, whence the hero's helm, the king's tiar,  
And whence in gory robes assassin'd spectres glare?

High o'er the stage there lies a rambling frame,  
Which men a garret, players the tire-room name;  
Here all their stores (a merry medley) sleep,  
Without distinction huddled in a heap.

Hung on the self-same peg, in union rest  
Young Tarquin's trowsers and Lucretia's vest,  
Whilst, without pulling coifs, Roxana lays  
Close by Statira's petticoat her stays.  
Hard-by a quart of bottled lightning lies,  
A bowl of double use, and monstrous size;  
Now rolls it high, and rumbles in its speed,  
Now drowns the weaker crack of mustard-seed.  
So the true thunder all array'd in smok,  
Lanch'd from the skies now rives the knotted oak,  
And sometimes, nought the drunkard's prayers avail,  
Ah! sometimes condescends to sour ale.  
Near these sets up a dragon-drawn calash,  
There a ghost's doublet gapes a frightful gash.  
In crimson wrought the sanguine floods abound,  
And seem to gutter from the streaming wound.  
Here Iris bends her various-painted arch,  
There pasteboard clouds in sullen order march;  
Here stands a crown upon a rack, and there  
A witch's broomstick by great Hector's spear;  
Here stands a throne, and there the Cynic's tub,  
Here Bullock's cudgel, there Alcides' club.  
Beads, plumes, and spangles, in confusion rise,  
Whilst rocks of Cornish diamonds reach the skies.

Crests, corselets, all the pomp of battle join,  
In one effulgence, one promiscuous shine.

Hence all the Drama's decorations rise,  
Hence Gods descend majestic from the skies,  
Hence Playhouse Chiefs, to grace some antique tale,  
Buckle their coward limbs in warlike mail.  
With what an air, from this their magazine  
Equipp'd, old Betterton adorn'd the scene!  
Old Betterton, on whose seraphic tongue  
Mirth, majesty, and fluent satire hung;  
He, by Religion a Tragedian made,  
Play'd virtuous parts, and liv'd the parts he play'd.  
He flourish'd long; and long deliberate Fate  
Spar'd him, in pity to the Tragic State.  
At length he fell; decay'd the Stage's pride,  
The Laureat sicken'd, and the Scribbler died;  
For if the first a piece consummate drew,  
From him each graceful stroke receiv'd its due;  
Nor could the last so bad a scene indite,  
But his judicious action set it right;  
Still, at the worst or best of plays, the town  
With pleasure listen'd to their Betterton.

So in the senate, be it to declare  
A well-concerted peace, or dreadful war,  
The same delight, the same applause, is shown  
By Anna's peers, when Anna mounts the throne.



With other looks, yet scarce inferior grace,  
Nokes trod the stage, and shambled in his pace.  
Pleasant buffoon! to what an artful screw  
His wither'd chops the merry whoreson drew!  
What pencil can describe his grotesque mien,  
The cuckold's sneaking leer, the noncon grin,  
The wire-hung limbs, sunk eyes, and peeked chin!  
Thus furnish'd, thus deform'd, thus bent with age,  
With feeble steps he limp'd across the stage,  
There, drawing nonsense from his haggard jaws,  
Dispell'd the spleen which Betterton had caus'd.  
In Homer thus the slave and hero charms;  
Thersites pleases, but Achilles warms.

Still may you live, immortal actors, crown'd,  
Still may your praise from pole to pole resound,  
For still you live—in dust the vulgar lie,  
But never must theatric heroes die;  
Secure of fame, the stroke of fate they brave,  
As if, by acting Death, they learn'd to mock the  
grave.

Whilst Shakspeare's, Dryden's, Rowe's, and Otway's  
name,  
Are sung, and flourish in the book of fame;  
Barry and Bracegirdle shall share their praise,  
And live for ever in the Poet's lays.

Here would I settle, here my fancy raise,  
And ransack Waller to complete their praise:  
Powell forbids; and, with a haughty tone

Frowning, demands to have his merits known.  
And great they are, and worthy to be sung;  
But oh! still dwelling on their owner's tongue;  
Big as the voice of war he mouths his roll,  
Each accent twangs majestically full.  
When Alexander dies, he gives the fair  
Tortures as great as those he seems to bear;  
When Oedipus rends forth his eyes, with tears  
Each sorrowing beauty almost puts out hers;  
When, by Hermione's disdain undone,  
Distraction seizes Agamemnon's son,  
With artful rattling wheeze, he draws his breath,  
Seems in the very agonies of death;  
He foams, he stares, he storms a madding note,  
And all the Fury thunders in his throat.

A godlike air, quick eye, and accent smooth,  
With all the manly graces, shine in Booth.

Bless'd with an awful port and lordly mien,  
The pleas'd spectator dreads a king in Keene.

Not so in airy Wilks; with cheerful grace,  
The careless rake sits sparkling in his face.

Others there are, whose voice and gesture claim  
In pompous verse a never-dying fame:  
Others there are—but how should we describe  
The various beauties of the distant tribe?  
We hop'd, alas! we hop'd a nearer view,

And farther, farther still our wishes flew ;  
But oh ! those hopes are o'er ; and, grief to say,  
Superior gravity has gain'd the day.  
Yet tax not us, Tragedians ; tax not those  
Who never can be real merit's foes ;  
We grudge you neither refuge nor applause,  
Yourself forbid, yourself your absence cause.  
The fatal cause is fatal excellence,  
'Tis your own Santlow banishes you hence ;  
For should she hither all her beauties bring,  
Nothing but her each youthful tongue would sing ;  
Learning less fair would shine ; and every Muse,  
For brighter beauties scorn'd, her lover lose.

Should Oldfield then, the bright-eyed Oldfield join,  
Her complicated charms, her form divine ;  
Should she, like Hector's widow, as of late,  
Mourn her Astyanax's double fate ;  
All, all would love her like Achilles's son,  
All would like him be taken, and undone.  
'Tis said young Ammon, when return'd from war,  
Was with an eunuch's action ta'en so far,  
That, spite of royalty, he leap'd for joy,  
Leap'd from his throne, and kiss'd the servile boy.  
Oh could he but have seen upon the stage  
Oldfield in the forsaken Loveit rage ;  
Struck with the sight, the son of Libyan Jove  
From admiration soon had rose to love ;  
A warmer kiss had given the nuptial sign,  
And all Statira's conqueror been thine.

And yet, with all their beauties, all their care,  
Nor Santlow, Wilks, nor Oldfield, please the fair.  
Bless'd with their praise, Italian songsters thrive,  
A beaver-race, that geld themselves to live.  
Strange force of whimsy! that the fair should prize  
A warbling vagabond whom all despise!  
Ev'n to himself of old an eunuch seem'd  
Worse than a beast, though now so much esteem'd;  
So frogs by Frenchmen are as dainties stew'd,  
And what was Egypt's plague is France's food.

How odd the fancy, how absurd the sight!  
To see *that* Hercules, who in one night  
Full fifty dames in heat of blood contented,  
Now by a sapless gelding represented;  
With greater justice from the Lydian queen,  
Since dwindled from a man, he learn'd to spin.

For loftier lays, and nobler chiefs than these,  
Th' ingenious Builder rais'd his edifice;  
The architect, whose every work proclaims  
The Terence and Vitruvius of his times;  
The builder—but a noble structure's praise,  
A nobler architect, commands my praise,  
A Princess, who, by righteous arms abroad,  
At home by fifty temples rais'd to God,  
At once the French and Stygian tyrant braves,  
At once the Christian and the subject saves.

Ilus's niggard son, to raise his Troy,  
The Gods and great Alcides did employ ;  
That done, ungrateful grew, nor would defray  
His hero and the hireling powers their pay ;  
But our more pious Princess, who no less  
From Heaven and Marlborough has deriv'd success,  
By giving Blenheim and these piles, has given  
Their just rewards to Hercules and Heaven.

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EPISTLE IX.

---

THE ACTOR.

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TO  
BONNELL THORNTON, ESQ.

BY ROBERT LLOYD, M. A.

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ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws  
From no observance of mechanic laws;  
No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,  
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,  
Let players nicely mark them as they will,  
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.  
If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,  
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to sit,  
Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so  
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?  
The mind recalls an object held more dear,  
And hates the copy, that it comes so near:  
Why lov'd we Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone;  
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.  
A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,  
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.  
Thrice happy Genius, whose unrival'd name  
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!

'Tis thine to lead, with more than magic skill,  
The train of captive passions at thy will ;  
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow  
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe :  
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep,  
When horrors such as thine have murder'd sleep :  
And at the old man's look and frantic stare  
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.  
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,  
The comic muse too claims thee for her own.  
With each delightful requisite to please,  
Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance, and ease,  
Familiar nature forms thy only rule,  
From Ranger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool :  
With powers so pliant, and so various blest,  
That what we see the last, we like the best.  
Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,  
But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,  
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.  
The play'r's profession (tho' I hate the phrase,  
'Tis so mechanic in these modern days)  
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,  
Nature's true knowledge is his only art.  
The strong-felt passion bolts into the face,  
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace ?  
To this one standard make your just appeal,  
Here lies the golden secret ; learn to FEEL.

Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distrest,  
No actor pleases that is not possess'd.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,  
When Christians were the subject of their plays,  
E'er persecution dropp'd her iron rod,  
And men still wag'd an impious war with God,  
An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,  
Nature's disciple, and Genest his name.  
A noble object for his skill he chose,  
A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes ;  
Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,  
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.  
Fill'd with th' idea of the secret part,  
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art.  
While look, and voice, and gesture, all exprest  
A kindred ardor in the player's breast ;  
Till as the flame thro' all his bosom ran,  
He lost the actor, and commenc'd the man :  
Profest the faith, his pagan gods denied,  
And what he acted then, he after died.

The player's province they but vainly try,  
Who want these pow'rs, deportment, voice, and eye.

The critic sight 'tis only grace can please,  
No figure charms us if it has not ease.  
There are, who think the stature all in all,  
Nor like the Hero, if he is not tall.

The feeling sense all other want supplies,  
I rate no actor's merit from his size.  
Superior height requires superior grace,  
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,  
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state;  
One foot put forward in position strong,  
The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along:  
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,  
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet show.  
The mien delights us that has native grace,  
But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,  
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes:  
However foreign from the poet's art,  
No tragic hero but admires a start.  
What though unfeeling of the nervous line;  
Who but allows his attitude is fine?  
While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,  
Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!  
Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,  
By perseverance to extort applause.  
When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,  
With eager madness bursts the canvass tomb,  
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,  
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,  
The proper action nature's self will tell :  
No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,  
And nicer judgment always loaths excess.  
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,  
Digusts our reason, and the taste confounds.  
Of all the evils which the stage molest,  
I hate your fool who overacts his jest ;  
Who murders what the poet finely writ,  
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,  
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,  
And writes a foolish comment with his face.  
Old Johnson once, tho' Cibber's perter vein  
But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,  
With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,  
Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene.  
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance spoke,  
Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke ;  
The very man in look, in voice, in air,  
And tho' upon the stage, appear'd no play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,  
But acting words is labor too minute.  
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong ;  
While sober humor marks th' impression strong.  
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,  
And bring me closer to the poet's wit ;  
With her delighted o'er each scene I go,  
Well-pleas'd, and not asham'd of being so.



But let the generous actor still forbear  
To copy features with a mimic's care!  
'Tis a poor skill, which ev'ry fool can reach,  
A vile stage-custom, honor'd in the breach.  
Worse as more close, the disingenuous art  
But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.  
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean  
Drag private foibles on the public scene,  
Forsaking nature's fair and open road  
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,  
Fir'd with disgust, I loath his servile plan,  
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.  
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,  
And hunt for humor in distortions there!  
Fill up the measure of the motley whim  
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;  
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,  
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,  
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.  
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,  
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,  
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes  
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,  
That marks the proper word with proper stress.  
But none emphatic can that actor call,  
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.

Some o'er the tongue the labor'd measures roll  
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,  
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,  
Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along.  
All affectation but creates disgust,  
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear  
Which brings not numbers to thy nicer ear :  
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,  
Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;  
Repeating what the poet sets not down,  
The verb disjoining from its friendly noun,  
While pause, and break, and repetition join  
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene  
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene ;  
Whilst others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,  
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,  
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.  
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze  
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,  
Than he, who swol'n with big impetuous rage,  
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,  
Will find true nature cling about his heart.

The modes of grief are not included all  
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl ;  
A single look more marks th' internal woe,  
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd O.  
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,  
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes !  
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,  
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,  
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,  
In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,  
If phrenzy sit not in the troubled eye.  
In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,  
And call the tear fast trickling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage ;  
A want of due attention on the stage.  
I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,  
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue ;  
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,  
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say ;  
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,  
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,  
And strive to speak, and be the very man.  
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know  
Who sits above to-night, or who below ?

So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,  
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage;  
When, with a simp'ring leer, and bow profound,  
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;  
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,  
Familiar drops a curt'sie to her grace.

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,  
Yet there are those who over-dress the part.  
To some prescriptive right gives settled things,  
Black wigs to murd'ers, feather'd hats to kings:  
But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,  
Tho' all his features were not grim'd with snuff.  
Why should Poll Peachum shine in sattin cloaths?  
Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose?

But in stage-customs what offends me most  
Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost,  
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,  
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear?

When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted king,  
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting;  
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,  
And fancy tells him that the seat is full;  
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,  
To frighten children with his mealy face?

The king alone shou'd form the phantom there,  
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,  
Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?  
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,  
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,  
And still pursues them with a frantic stare,  
'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.  
More instant horror would enforce the scene,  
If all her shudd'ring were at shapes unseen.

Poet and actor thus, with blended skill,  
Mould all our passions to their instant will;  
'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,  
(The speaking comment of his Shakspeare's page)  
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,  
I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O! ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,  
Nor dullness lay the realms of genius waste!  
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,  
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!  
More natural uses to the stage belong,  
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song,  
For other purpose was that spot design'd:  
To purge the passions; and reform the mind,



To give to nature all the force of art,  
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend  
The decent stage, as virtue's natural friend.  
Tho' oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,  
No reason weighs against its proper use.  
Tho' the lewd priest his sacred function shame,  
Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,  
Shew scorn her features, her own image vice?  
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,  
And hold the faithful mirror up to man.  
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,  
Who stand the foremost in the mortal train;  
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,  
And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless Artist! tho' thy skill can raise  
The bursting peal of universal praise,  
Tho' at thy beck applause delighted stands,  
And lifts, Briareus like, her hundred hands,  
Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!  
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.  
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,  
And latest times th' eternal nature feel.  
Tho' blended here the praise of bard and play'r,  
While more than half becomes the actor's share,

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Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,  
And sinks the player in the poet's name.  
The pliant muscles of the various face,  
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,  
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,  
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

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EPISTLE X.

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TO THE  
*CELEBRATED BEAUTIES*

---

OF THE  
BRITISH COURT.

---

Occasioned by the Author's being suspected of writing the Poem under that title.

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WHY with such freedom should the town accuse,  
And charge absurd encomiums on my Muse?  
Celestial objects by themselves I place,  
Nor with a Cl<sup>d</sup>e a FORRESTER disgrace;  
That disproportion'd piece offends the view:  
No feign'd perfection should attend the true.  
Whene'er my voice attempts the British Fair,  
I sing the worthy, but th' unworthy spare;  
Respect, when merit fails, in silence lies;  
Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.  
What moderate tongue would vulgar things rehearse.  
Where crowds of wondrous nymphs invite the verse?  
Charmers in millions grace this happy sphere,  
And every view presents a conqueror here.  
Who to mean subjects can debase his quill,  
And waste his scanty stock of art so ill,

Looks like the fop that courts a paltry dame,  
While faultless maids contend to meet his flame.  
Poets should still autumnal forms omit,  
Forty gives small encouragement to wit;  
The genius flags beneath so stale a theme,  
And sprightly fancy sinks to heavy phlegm,  
When those declining years our strains require,  
And compliment supplies pretended fire;  
Some little Virtue may perhaps be found,  
But Beauty's an intolerable sound:  
To youth alone that heavenly grace belongs,  
None but the young are fair, and truly worthy songs:

Ye Female Glories, which exalt our isle,  
Vouchsafe th' auspicious influence of your smile;  
To You I call, to you, ye matchless lights,  
Inspire my numbers, and improve my flights;  
Lest I depress your fame with languid lines,  
And pay unhallow'd vows at sacred shrines.  
Would you, ye Powers, but look serenely down,  
I'd soar aloft, and blazon your renown;  
Then something so divine might raise my voice,  
And make me scarce inferior to my choice;  
What ancient story tells the world should scorn,  
And every Goddess deem in glorious Britain born.

Begin, my Muse, begin with Marlborough's race:  
When Valor's sung, the Father claims the place;  
And sure when Beauty's power employs our flight,  
The shining Daughters challenge foremost right.

A SUNDERLAND the coldest Writer warms,  
So turn'd for conquest, so compleat in charms,  
There seems detraction in our highest praise,  
She leaves the Muse behind, and mocks our distant  
lays.

Not thus Minerva, though a Goddess, shone.  
O! had her eyes such dazzling lustre thrown,  
Thence the bold artist had inform'd his clay,  
Nor sought another sun, nor fallen a vulture's prey.

Could Nature's self her own first form express,  
She'd charm the world in bright MONTHERMER'S  
dress :

Gods! what engaging bloom sits smiling there!  
How languishingly sweet her every air!  
Her shape, her gesture, all the Nymph, subdues,  
We look our souls away, and fate with transport  
choose.

Had Love's fair Goddess been so strong in charms,  
Rash Diomede had dropt his venturous arms;  
No shameful victory the Greek had won,  
But thousand wounds receiv'd, instead of giving one.

Splendor and softness in BRIDGEWATER meet,  
There *mild* appears an attribute with *great*;  
Such humble sweetness gives a dawn of joy,  
She seems, like Heaven, unwilling to destroy.  
Who would not serve, where such a victor reigns?  
What freedom equal to such gentle chains?  
But soon, too soon, mistaken mortals know,



Th' imagin'd bliss concludes in real woe.  
So from soft breezes of the southern wind,  
Uncumber'd sweets we fondly hope to find;  
But soon, alas! succeeds immoderate rain,  
And sadly renders all the promis'd pleasure vain.

GODOLPHIN's form'd among the first to shine,  
That other conqueror of the conquering line;  
Nor pride her mien, nor art her aspect knows,  
Her full renown from single Nature flows;  
Rich in unpractis'd charms, she scatters chains,  
And, shunning empire, certain empire gains;  
Neglectful, yet secure, with arrows plays;  
Unmeaning, throws, and, undesiring, slays;  
She stoops to make no prize her little aim,  
But emulates her fire, and conquers but for fame.

BOLTON's majestic form invades the sight  
With awful wonder and sublime delight;  
Here differing deities conspire our fate,  
Venus and Juno; sweetness dwells with state:  
High pines are emblems of her graceful size,  
And bending osiers shew her humble guise.  
Disease solicits her with impious care,  
And too too fast her precious spirits wear,  
Not thus her charms, ev'n yielding, how she reigns,  
And conquers others, while herself's in chains!  
Great, yet opprest! were Virtue's image seen,  
Virtue could live but equally serene;  
In pain she proves the prowess of her mind,

And only when she dies deceives mankind.  
Forbid it, Heaven! that Fate should ever close  
Such all-commanding eyes, and plunge the world in  
woes!

TO SEYMOUR, daring Muse, thy numbers raise;  
Muse, thy best numbers flag beneath her praise:  
Lo! sweetest youth, disclaiming artful care,  
Sports in her face, and revels in her air;  
Briskness and innocence their powers unite,  
And, next her spotless mind, her skin is white.  
When radiant blushes to her cheeks repair,  
(Such lovely stains become the brighter fair)  
Gods! how that paint of nature tempts our eyes;  
How Earth's Aurora far transcends the skies!  
But her high merit checks the bold delight,  
We tremble at the soul, yet riot at the sight.

When TUFTON was created, Nature took  
Such care to furnish out a conquering look,  
Who did not think her hoard of lustre spent,  
And eyes design'd hereafter innocent?  
Nor was she less extravagant in bloom,  
As if she meant no future charms, and beggar'd all  
her loom.

For beauteous Helen Troy in fires was seen,  
The world was sacrific'd to Egypt's queen;  
Behold in ASHBURNHAM a brighter dame,  
But Virtue stifles such destructive flame.

Heavens! were she free from Hymen's envied chains,  
Who would not rage with Cupid's fiercest pains?  
Marriage suspends our transports, for who dare  
Burn, now Hope's fled, and tempt extreme despair?  
Th' illustrious Ancients were by halves divine,  
The face and mind did ne'er together shine:  
Here all accomplishments are fully shown,  
And every Goddess is compris'd in one;  
So fair; yet fairness seems her smallest praise,  
Her soul's profuse of light, and darts immortal rays.

PIERPOINT's in all the pomp of youth array'd,  
Charming as winter's shine, or summer's shade;  
Fair as descending snow, or mounting light,  
Born to shame fancy, and enslave at sight:  
What's all our boasted freedom, when we gaze?  
Britain's distinguished blessing flies, and man in chains  
obeys.

The graceful movement of the wife of Jove,  
Th' enchanting aspect of the Queen of Love,  
Minerva's skill and excellence in arts,  
Apollo's rays, and Cupid's piercing darts,  
Bright Hebe's youth, and chaste Diana's mind,  
Softness and sweetness of the Churchill kind,  
All blended in one perfect piece, would shew  
PROBY's consummate image to the ravish'd view.

If breathing flowers such pleasing sweets dispense,  
If light has charms, and so allures the sense,

If music's strains have that persuasive art,  
O lovely VAUGHAN ! how form'd to strike the heart !  
Such a complexion foils the pride of May,  
Such looks add splendor to the brightest day ;  
Such tuneful speech affords so moving sounds,  
We fancy crowns in chains, and taste delight in  
wounds.

COLLIER's a subject dear to British lays,  
Her shape, her every feature's wrought for praise ;  
What humid pearls of sorrow seem to rise,  
As if she wept the ravage of her eyes !  
Still, still we bleed, and no relief is gain'd,  
Her killing beauty's true, her saving pity feign'd.

Thy rhymes, oh Muse, with young LOUISA grace,  
That growing wonder of the Brudenell race ;  
Ev'n now her charms disclose a pleasing bloom,  
But promise riper sweetness yet to come ;  
Nature, for all her vast indulgence, fears  
T' entrust perfection to those tender years,  
But shortly will her choicest stores display,  
And give to such a morn an answerable day.  
What mighty glories shall this Fair adorn,  
Allied to *Mira*, and of Richmond born ;  
Mira so bright to kindle Granville's fire,  
How did she shine, that could such warmth inspire !  
Richmond, so great to give that title fame,  
And more than equal her from whom our toasting  
came !

To REYNOLDS, Muse, that mass of beauty, rise,  
Her mien, how charming, and how bright her eyes !  
From opening East less glorious lustre breaks ;  
How Nature's curious pencil paints her cheeks !  
The Loves, mistaking her for Venus, throng,  
And feasted thus continue in the wrong.  
Seems she not more than numbers can express ?  
Seems not ev'n thought afraid to make such wonders  
less ?

Men may with justice Nature's dealing blame,  
And charge their parent with a partial aim ;  
Who too, too lavish to her female race,  
Bestows fresh gifts, and springs new mines of grace ;  
But, ah ! to them so sparing, deigns to raise  
No hidden stores of wit to give proportion'd praise.

FARMER's a pattern for the beauteous kind,  
Compos'd to please, and every way refin'd ;  
Obliging with reserve, and humbly great,  
Though gay, yet modest, though sublime, yet sweet ;  
Fair without art, and graceful without pride,  
By merit and descent to deathless fame allied.

Seek not the Venus star that gilds the skies,  
Two brighter stars are found in WALPOLE's eyes ;  
Desire not Nature's wealth in fields display'd,  
Far nobler stores enrich the blooming maid ;  
Rack not your thought to paint what's sweetly rare,  
Look but on WALPOLE's form, 'tis all familiar there.



Thee, CHETWYND, all that see thee strive to praise,  
And with insatiate longings still must gaze;  
Fresh springing glories every moment rise,  
And in new raptures hurl us to the skies.  
O! could I reach a harmony in sound,  
Like the fam'd sweetness of her aspect found,  
To yon bright sphere I'd raise the glittering dame,  
And with due numbers shake the pattern of her frame.

Thrice glorious NEWINGTON! how justly great!  
No charms are absent, and each charm's compleat;  
All that have eyes thy beauties must confess,  
All that have tongues those beauties would express;  
They would—But, oh! the language scants the will,  
Nature's too strong for art, and baffles utmost skill.  
Born for command, yet mov'd from public view,  
As cloy'd with power, and weary'd to subdue;  
To silent shades I see the victor run,  
And rest beneath the virtues which she won;  
Envy presumes not to disturb her there,  
Envy, wherewith th' unhandsome tease the fair.  
Her shining look exalts the gazing swain,  
But, oh! within he feels consuming pain.  
So sparkling flames raise water to a smile,  
Yet the pleas'd liquor pines, and lessens all the while.

Where charming HEALE appears, she treads on  
spoils,  
Our sex are vassals, and her own are foils;

Such a peculiar elegance of face !  
So many sweetnesses ! such lively grace !  
Oh that becoming negligence of air !  
There's something curious in her want of care.  
Here Love may with inconstancy agree,  
For one's variety, one such as she.  
Captivity, so caus'd, we proudly bless,  
And zealous to be slaves, nor wish our fetters less.

Attractive SQUIRE, with endless pleasure's seen,  
Oh, trifling grandeur of the Cyprian Queen !  
Only three Graces form'd her highest state,  
But thousand Graces on this Venus wait.  
Impossible for eyes to take their fill !  
There's something eminently winning still ;  
A novelty of charms salutes the sight,  
More sweet than blossoms, and more gay than light ;  
Two powerful passions, when we gaze, we prove ;  
Joy revels in our looks, and in our bosoms Love.

Well LANGTON's name becomes the radiant list :  
Who can her praise refuse, her power resist ?  
Was ever nymph thus exquisitely wrought ?  
Seems she not almost lovely to a fault ?  
At once so many crowding wonders press,  
Ev'n more she'd charm us, if she charm'd us less.  
Have you not seen on Anna's pompous day,  
A thousand objects all profusely gay ?  
Such numbers only not oppress'd the sight,

Yet less variety gives full delight.

See! see! th' alternate glories of the skies  
Blend in her form, and all at once surprise;  
Her rosy cheek the blush of morning shews,  
Her dazling eyes the mid-day sun disclose;  
Her air resembles well the milky way,  
There Stars unnumber'd shine, here Loves unnum-  
ber'd play.

O! why did Heaven, which thus adorn'd the fair,  
And made the workmanship so much its care,  
Not with soft pity temper all the rest,  
And place this kind reliever in her breast?  
Still poor camelions, we must live on air,  
She thinks a look too much—the lover's smallest fare.

There's no way to be safe from HARTLEY's darts,  
Nor light nor darkness can secure our hearts;  
Both eyes and ears are traitors to repose,  
Looking or listening, ends in amorous woes;  
Gods! when we see we're vanquish'd by her view,  
And, while we hear, her melting notes subdue.  
Muse, sing the nymph that's so compos'd for fame,  
Make Heaven and Earth acquainted with her name;  
Thyself, oh Nymph, to teach the Muse incline,  
For there's no perfect melody but thine;  
Then she might haply boast a warbling air,  
And form the song as sweet, as Nature form'd thee  
fair.

Reach disant MUNDY, Muse, with sounding  
    strains,

Th' excelling maid that wastes her time in plains;  
Bid her appear and bless the longing sight:  
Retirement's wrong for youth, for age 'tis right.  
Say, that her presence to the world is due:  
Aspects so brilliant are ordain'd for view.  
The Sun, whose glory's but to match her eyes,  
Flashes diffusive beams, and brightens all the skies.

Certain as Fate, and swift as feather'd darts,  
Oh, WILLIAMSON! thy arrows pierce our hearts;  
Once with an equal right to glory shin'd  
A signal charmer of thy own bright kind;  
Once—but remorseless death too quickly seiz'd  
This finish'd object, that so vastly pleas'd;  
No respite from concern our souls could find,  
Did she not leave thee here, a wonder still behind.

Like banks adorn'd with Nature's flowery train,  
ALSTON's sweet look delights th' admiring swain:  
Pleas'd, not content, he lets his wishes rise,  
And would regale more senses than his eyes.  
But, hid in bloom, that serpent, scorn, destroys  
The lover's fondest hopes, and poisons all his joys.

The DASHWOODS are a family of charms,  
Each Nymph's appointed with resistless arms,  
So soft, so sweet, so artless, and so young,

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Pride of the sight, and pleasure of the tongue.  
Dearly we pay for such immoderate light,  
Beauty's, like Love, severely exquisite ;  
Our souls are wound to that excessive height,  
We suffer, not enjoy, the vast delight.

Nor less renown'd in charms the HERVEYS stand:  
How fair they seem ! how fashion'd for command ;  
Each of herself might singly challenge praise,  
One were a tempting task for endless lays,  
Did not Another and Another shine,  
Splendid alike, and equally divine,  
As if imperial Beauty meant no more  
To reign at large, and spread her mighty power ;  
But with unequal favor would confine  
Her numerous treasures to that darling Line.

Can SMITH unnoted pass, so fram'd for praise ?  
Ev'n Britain's court grows brighter with her rays.  
Oh lovely conflict of her varying hue !  
Lily and Rose by grateful turns subdue.  
Promiscuous charms our ravish'd senses greet,  
Here April's bloom, and August's ripeness meet ;  
Delights, which seem but to salute the year,  
Eternally reside, and flourish here ;  
Who can express which season cheers him most ?  
How gay the minutes fly, when she 's the toast !



Bright as the stone, with which the glass we wound,  
Inspiring as the juice, which with the glass is  
crown'd.

Oh, WILKINSON! who can of beauty sing,  
And not an offering to thy altar bring?  
Who can describe the young, the sweet, the fair,  
And not thy charms, thy wondrous charms declare?  
Unsullied lustre dwells upon thy face,  
Nor eye can find a stain, nor fancy mend a grace.

One pleasure more, indulgent Muse, afford,  
Pleasure supreme, when FORRESTER's the word!  
Desert so vast commands thy utmost lays,  
And sure 'tis almost impious not to praise;  
Praise dare I call it, when each boldest line  
Shows like weak twilight to meridian shine?  
Lo! mien, complexion, features, voice, conspire,  
Perfection's brands, to set the world on fire;  
Oh she's all wonders! Heaven's whole excellence  
Meets in her frame, and fills our every sense;  
That grace, which most ennobles who can name,  
Where all's divinely great, entitled all to fame?  
As well the man, who travels all the day  
Scorch'd with the sun, might tell the fiercest ray;  
He knows the lucid author of his flames,  
But with his parching heat alike he charges all the  
beams.

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Ye numerous CHARMERS, who remain unsung,  
Forgive th' unequal tribute of my tongue,  
Not that your conquests fail, my strains expire,  
I own your pow'rs and feel a silent fire ;  
No more my present raptures can pursue,  
But when my Muse takes breath, I'll soar and sing  
of you.

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EPISTLE XI.

---

THE  
*BEAUTIES.*

---

TO  
MR. ECKARDT,  
The Painter.

---

BY THE HONORABLE  
*HORACE WALPOLE.*

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DESPONDING Artist, talk no more  
Of Beauties of the days of yore,  
Of Goddesses, renown'd in Greece,  
And ZEUXIS' composition-piece,  
Where ev'ry nymph that could at most  
Some single grace or feature boast,  
Contributed her favorite charm  
To perfect the ideal form.  
'Twas CYNTHIA's brow, 'twas LESBIA's eye,  
'Twas CLOE's cheeks' vermilion dye,  
ROXANA lent the noble air,  
Dishevell'd flow'd ASPASIA's hair,  
And CUPID much too fondly press'd  
His mimic mother THAIS' breast.  
Antiquity how poor thy use!

A single Venus to produce!  
Friend Eckardt, ancient story quit,  
Nor mind whatever Pliny writ;  
Felibien and Fresnoy declaim,  
Who talk of Raphael's matchless fame.  
Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,  
And Carlo's each Madonna face,  
As if no Beauties now were made,  
But Nature had forgot her trade.  
'Twas Beauty guided Raphael's line  
From heavenly women, styl'd divine;  
They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,  
And what he could not taste he drew:  
Think you Devotion warm'd his breast  
When Carlo with such looks express'd  
His virgins, that her vot'ries feel  
Emotions—not, I'm sure, of zeal?  
In Britain's isle observe the Fair,  
And curious choose your models there;  
Such patterns as shall raise your name  
To rival sweet Corregio's fame:  
Each single piece shall be a test,  
And Zeuxis' patchwork be a jest;  
Who ransack'd Greece, and cull'd the age  
To bring one Goddess on the stage:  
On your each canvass we'll admire  
The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majestic Juno shall be seen  
In HARVEY's glorious awful mien.

Where FITZROY moves, resplendent Fair;  
So warm her bloom, sublime her air;  
Her ebon tresses, form'd to grace,  
And heighten while they shade her face:  
Such troops of martial youth around,  
Who court the hand that gives the wound;  
'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confess'd,  
Though STANHOPE's more than Paris bless'd.  
So CLEVELAND shown in warlike pride,  
By Lely's pencil deify'd:  
So GRAFTON, matchless dame, commands  
The fairest work of Kneller's hands:  
The blood that warm'd each amorous court,  
In veins as rich still loves to sport:  
And George's age beholds restor'd,  
What William boasted, Charles ador'd.

For Venuses the Trojan ne'er  
Was half so puzzled to declare:  
Ten Queens of Beauty, sure I see!  
Yet sure the true is EMILY:  
Such majesty of youth and air,  
Yet modest as the village fair:  
Attracting all, indulging none,  
Her beauty like the glorious Sun  
Thron'd eminently bright above,  
Impartial warms the world to love.

In smiling CAPEL's beauteous look  
Rich Autumn's Goddess is mistook,



With poppies and with spiky corn,  
Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;  
And by her side, in decent line,  
Place charming BERKELEY, Proserpine.  
Mild as a summer sea, serene,  
In dimpled beauty next be seen,  
AYLESBURY like hoary Neptune's Queen.

With her the light-dispensing Fair,  
Whose beauty gilds the morning air,  
And bright as her attendant sun,  
The new Aurora, LYTTLETON:  
Such Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,  
And in ethereal colors dip'd,  
In measur'd dance to tuneful song  
Drew the sweet Goddess, as along  
Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet spread,  
The buxom Hours she fairest led.

The crescent on her brow display'd,  
In curls of loveliest brown inlaid,  
With every charm to rule the night,  
Like Dian, STRAFFORD woos the sight;  
The easy shape, the piercing eye,  
The snowy bosom's purity,  
The unaffected gentle phrase  
Of native wit in all she says;  
Eckardt, for these thy art's too faint;  
You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe smil'd, what bloom divine  
On the young Goddess lov'd to shine,  
From CARPENTER we guess, or see,  
All-beauteous MANNERS, beam from thee.  
How pretty Flora, wanton maid,  
By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide shade,  
With rosy hand coquetly throwing  
Pansies, beneath her sweet touch blowing;  
How blithe she look'd, let FANNY tell;  
Let Zephyr own if half so well.

Another Goddess of the year,  
Fair Queen of Summer, see, appear;  
Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,  
Her panting bosom loosely bound,  
Ethereal beauty in her face,  
Rather the beauties of her race,  
Whence every Goddess, envy smit,  
Must own each Stonehouse meets in PITT.

Exhausted all the heav'nly train,  
How many Mortals yet remain,  
Whose eyes shall try your pencil's art,  
And in my numbers claim a part!  
Our sister Muses must describe  
CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe;  
And JULIANA with the Nine  
Shall aid the melancholy line,  
To weep her dear Resemblance gone,  
Where all these beauties met in One.

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Sad fate of beauty! more I see,  
Afflicted, lovely family!  
Two beauteous Nymphs, here, Painter, place,  
Lamenting o'er their sister Grace;  
One, matron-like, with sober grief,  
Scarce gives her pious sighs relief;  
While t' other lovely Maid appears  
In all the melting pow'r of tears:  
The softest form, the gentlest grace,  
The sweetest harmony of face;  
Her snowy limbs, and artless move  
Contending with the Queen of Love,  
Whilst bashful Beauty shuns the prize,  
Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

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## EPISTLE XII.

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TO  
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

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PRESIDENT  
OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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You But preserve a Form. Pope.

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‘ PAINTER, vain ’s thy utmost art,  
‘ To draw the Idol of my heart !  
‘ Thy canvass never can receive  
‘ The varied charms her features give.  
‘ When grave, she wears the awful grace  
‘ That reigns in regal JUNO’s face ;  
‘ When on her cheeks the smiles appear,  
‘ ’Tis VENUS’ better self is there ;  
‘ And when she looks with studious eye,  
‘ Another PALLAS we descry.

‘ Painter, thy pencil well may trace  
‘ A JUNO’s awful, heavenly grace ;  
‘ Upon your canvass may be seen  
‘ Chaste Beauty’s fair, imperial Queen ;  
‘ E’en Wisdom’s Goddess may appear  
‘ In all her native splendor there.  
‘ But in my breast alone can be  
‘ The perfect Image of the Three.’

Thus did the Muse the Art defy :  
Thy pencil, eager to reply,  
Dash'd on the cloth in colors warm  
The semblance of MARIA's form ;  
And soon I saw her cheeks disclose  
The lily mingled with the rose ;  
And soon her beaming eyes dispense  
The soften'd rays of manly sense :  
Her graceful form, her auburn hair,  
All, all thy magic power declare.  
Loose flow'd her robe upon the ground,  
And many a Cupid flutter'd round.  
The bending branches kindly spread  
Their verdant beauties o'er her head,  
And far beyond the hills arise,  
And seem to mingle with the skies.  
At length, in all your art array'd,  
The canvass' spreading form display'd  
The beauties of my charming Maid.  
You shew'd the piece—I saw your pride,  
And thus the wayward Muse reply'd :

‘ Ah happy canvass, that dost bear  
‘ The features of my lovely Fair!  
‘ Upon thy surface, mild and clear,  
‘ I see my heavenly Maid appear,  
‘ With all the glories of her face,  
‘ Her winning smiles, and gentle grace.  
‘ —But where's the virtue of her mind,  
‘ Which makes her of angelic kind ?



‘ Where is the softness of her heart,  
‘ To pity prone, and void of art ?  
‘ These cannot on thy bosom shine—  
‘ They ’re only to be found in mine.’

Thus, Sir, the Muse pursued her song,  
Nor did she mean to do you wrong !  
The splendid gifts that partial Art,  
By Genius aided, does impart,  
She knows are thine—Thy talents bear  
The marks of their united care.  
But frolic Nature will outdo  
The works of Art and Genius too :  
Her cunning patterns render vain  
The Painter’s toil, the Sculptor’s pain.  
All of my Fair that Art could give,  
Did on the glossy canvass live.

With joy the picture home I bore,  
And, smiling, view’d it o’er and o’er !  
And, when MARIA was away,  
Gaz’d on it all the live-long day ;  
And hop’d that there her cheeks would bloom  
In all their glow for years to come.

Oft did the tear bedew my eye,  
To think that if my Love should die,  
My every joy and every care  
Of future life would centre there.

But as I thus enraptur'd stand  
Before the wonders of your hand,  
I see the lively tints decay,  
The vivid colors melt away ;  
And ere twelve fleeting months were o'er,  
The lovely Charmer blush'd no more.  
Her features sunk, her roses lost  
MARIA stood a pallid Ghost:  
Her looks were haggard, and her eyes  
Now started forth with wild surprise ;  
And where their lustre should appear,  
The faded tints had form'd a tear.  
The spreading branches lose their green,  
The azure sky no more is seen,  
And the far mountain's distant blue  
Is clouded with a sable hue.  
Upon my sight the colors fade ;  
No more I see my heavenly Maid ;  
Her form is mingled with the shade,  
And seems, in one eternal moan,  
To weep like NIOBE—in stone.

MARIA now, in Country Hall,  
Adorns the rude, old-fashion'd wall,  
And holds her venerable place  
'Mid Dames and Lords of ancient race.  
At her the wond'ring Rustics stare,  
As at the oldest picture there :

Nor will the curious Crowd believe  
That 'tis my Lady now alive.  
But when the *Metzotinto's* shewn,  
They all a strong resemblance own.

Unhappy Artist, to survive  
The means by which your fame should live!  
And on the *Scraper's* art rely  
For hopes of immortality.

Your pencil summon'd into life,  
For GARRICK's choice, the ardent strife.  
I saw the sad, but stately Queen  
That stalks amid the tragic scene:  
Around her floats the purple stole;  
The dagger and the fatal bowl  
Are not unseen—and to the sky  
Her finger guides th' attentive eye.  
'Tis vain:—Her mad-cap Rival's leer,  
With roguish look and playful sneer,  
From Madam *Grave-Airs* wins the field,  
And ROSCIUS yields—where all would yield.  
Who would not to the covert fly  
With *all-enchanting Comedy*?

But now I'm told, and fear it true,  
That *Garrick's* face is black and blue—  
As if he'd run the risk of life  
From jealousies of either wife;

While the fair Dames in this agree,  
To be as black and blue as he.  
— Time joys to see the hasty ruin,  
That cost so little in undoing.  
Full many an age he must employ  
The works of *Raphael* to destroy;  
And *Titian's* tints his power defy  
Through many a rolling century:  
And e'en where Time has aim'd the blow,  
Art hath withstood the biting Foe.  
But years or months, at his command,  
Efface the labors of your hand;  
Nor, when they fade, can you restore  
The work to what it was before:  
Your utmost genius cannot give  
Health to the form, and bid it live.

I saw your daring pencil trace  
The manly lines of *AMHERST's* face;  
And as I stood, my wond'ring eyes  
Beheld th' heroic Form arise.  
A deep and solemn look he wore,  
As if attentive to explore  
Some dark design of *Britain's* Foe,  
How to prevent th' approaching blow;  
To stop the Fury in its course,  
Or hurl it back with triple force;  
Or, what in truth so far exceeds  
The highest fame of warlike deeds,

Humanely thoughtful how to save  
The starving thousands from the grave.  
Upon his mild, but dauntless breast,  
In its pale splendor was exprest  
The lustre of the silver star,  
Well earn'd amid the toils of war.  
At length, the final tint bestow'd,  
The finish'd portrait nobly glow'd  
In colors warm, and touches true,  
As *Titian's* pencil ever drew.

And must the fair resemblance fade,  
Ere the great Hero's self is laid  
Beneath the marble that will bear  
The tribute of *Britannia's* tear?  
And when the sage, Historic pen  
Shall rank him 'mong the first of men?  
Forbid it, Art! But thou should'st give  
The glowing oil to look and live;  
And while his future offspring read  
Of many a brave, heroic deed;  
Of battles won, of trophies rear'd,  
Of nations by his mercy spar'd;  
Must their young eyes, in vain, desire  
To see the likeness of their Sire,  
Who British bands to triumph led,  
And trod the paths they wish to tread?  
Must they, in vain, the canvass trace  
To catch the generous, gentle grace  
That o'er the vet'ran features ran,



And mark'd the Hero and the Man ?  
While many a curse their lips impart,  
To damn Thee and thy fleeting Art !

Lo ! INFANT JOVE prepares to throw  
His lightnings on the world below ;  
But soon the heavenly flame expires,  
Chang'd to blue *Tartarean* fires,  
That stench OLYMPUS' high abode,  
And threat to suffocate the GOD.

REYNOLDS ! I 'm not to censure prone ;  
Your genius I most gladly own ;  
And wish that genius might secure  
A name, that would as long endure,  
As those high honors which proclaim  
Immortal RAPHAEL's endless fame.  
For such a fame pursue the toil,  
And fix it deep in solid oil.  
To Painting's highest efforts climb,  
Nor fear thy fate, and laugh at Time :  
In works of lasting form engage,  
And be the RAPHAEL of the age.

Proceed, great Painter ! nor refuse  
Your subjects from the friendly Muse :  
Nor can she call from ancient fame  
Men of a more exalted name,  
Than some whom our *Britannia* owns  
Among her favorite, darling Sons.

Nor e'er did gentle Beauty move  
To higher joys of virtuous love,  
Than many a Fair whose charms inspire  
The British Youth with chaste desire.  
——And SATIRE too demands thy aid——  
To make the vicious Great afraid,  
To pale the glowing tints of Pride,  
To urge Contrition's flowing tide,  
To paint the lives of shameless Men,  
She to thy pencil yields the pen.

Come, then, th' expecting cloth prepare!  
Let GARRICK's self be painted there!  
Not as, erewhile, in wayward mood,  
Doubtful the mighty Actor stood,  
And hardly knew which Dame to choose,  
The *Tragic* or the *Comic* Muse.  
In SHAKSPERE's Temple let him stand,  
Erected by his grateful hand,  
And let *Parnassian* Fingers shower  
Each verdant leaf and fragrant flower;  
And may the laurel's green array  
The same conducting hands obey  
To form a bower, where his age  
May, from the turmoils of the Stage,  
Enjoy that calm, sedate repose  
Which conscious merit only knows.  
Above, may full-wing'd *Fame* be seen,  
With patient but exulting mien;

And let her pluck a verdant spray  
From *Shakspeare's* never-fading bay ;  
And let a *Muse* the gift receive,  
And into form the garland weave,  
And place it on the favor'd brow  
Where SHAKSPERE would the palm bestow.

Beneath let serpent Flatt'ry lour,  
Bedeck'd with many a fading flower ;  
And let her pois'nous train appear,  
To writhe in foul contortion there.

Again th' unfading tints prepare !  
Great Painter ! ply thy utmost care !  
To ev'ry touch attention give :  
Let BURKE upon the canvass live !  
Let him with solemn grace appear  
Before the Senate's awful chair,  
As if preparing to dispense  
That flood of rapid eloquence,  
Which now with wond'rous sweetness charms,  
Now by its nervous force alarms ;  
And, with a more than Wizard's art,  
Commands the pulses of the heart.  
Let emblems of exalted Sense,  
Of Genius, Wit, and Eloquence,  
Of cunning Art's collected store,  
Of Erudition's hidden lore,  
With careless grace, be scatter'd round,  
And, where he stands, bestrew the ground.

But 'mid th' inestimable heap  
Let PARTY-RAGE be laid asleep!

Now on the canvass be display'd  
The figure of a weeping Maid!  
Paint her thin cheeks of pallid hue;  
With flooding tears those cheeks bedew;  
And turn her humble, streaming eye  
To the soft mercies of the Sky.  
Upon her arm, with haggard mien,  
Let F\*x's tawny figure lean;  
And, in his face, pourtray the smart  
Which Conscience lashes on his heart.  
Before them paint the bright abodes  
Of Virtue and her kindred Gods:  
Let HOPE beside the portal stand,  
The anchor in her beck'ning hand,  
And kindly bid the sorrowing Pair  
To urge their steps, and enter there.

Your hand an harder task must try,  
And change the Vet'ran to the Boy!  
No more let T\*\*n's form appear  
With martial grace and hoary hair!  
Let crisped curls his brow bedeck,  
And hang in ringlets on his neck;  
Such as around the fingers twin'd  
Of panting VENUS, when reclin'd  
Upon her breast ADONIS lay,  
And heav'nly raptures bless'd the day!

Paint on his cheek health's crimson glow,  
Let whiteness clad his youthful brow,  
And give him ev'ry charm beside  
Expected by a blooming Bride!

But if your pencil should refuse  
The arduous task; my forward Muse  
An easy subject will propose.  
Time, Sir, and you have long been foes:  
For once, then, take the lead of Time,  
And wrinkle T\*\*D in her prime.  
For since you cannot bring his years  
Back to the strength and youth of hers,  
Your hand to fitness must accord,  
And make her aged as her Lord.  
The wrinkles on her face display,  
And turn her floating tresses grey.  
And give her such a form and dress  
As she at fifty will possess;  
Such as your pencil would have given  
To FERRARS, now a Saint in Heaven.  
In nuptial ties this truth I hold:  
*Both should be Young, or both be Old!*

Again I urge the pencil's power:  
Come, trace the lone monastic tower,  
Whose walls, with ivy overgrown,  
Echo the sad repentant moan  
Of sinful souls, who glad repair  
To shed their daily sorrows there;



And in a turret place the bell  
That from the dark and dreary cell,  
At midnight hour, breaks off the sleep  
Of those who only wake to weep.  
Beneath the wall's dark umbrage place,  
Repentance mark'd upon her face,  
Some aged and repentant Dame,  
That doth the heav'nly mercies claim.  
Let her before His Image bend,  
Who died to be the Sinner's Friend ;  
And hang the cross adown her side,  
Emblem of that whereon He died.  
Make her eyes shed the dropping tear,  
As tho' she urg'd a doubtful prayer ;  
And give to the repentant Nun,  
The wrinkled form of H \* \* T O N .

Thus, thus, my Friend, exert your art,  
And please the eye, and mend the heart !  
Uncrimson A \* \* R 's gawdy face,  
But leave her all her *share of Grace*.  
To M \* L B \* \* give her Father's spirit,  
And D \* \* R all her Mother's merit.  
Make C \* \* N sober, P \* refin'd,  
And B \* \* gen'rous, brave, and kind.  
Let them their better Natures see,  
And paint them what they ought to be.

Already youthful BEDFORD's sword,  
Urg'd by the valor of his Lord,

Gives, to a dragon's form, the wound  
That lays the monster on the ground.

—So may he in his future Age  
Quell Passion's unrelenting rage ;  
Or, by his sweetness, soothe to rest  
The Tyrants of the human breast.

Then be yourself! nor blend your fame  
With Artists of inferior name.  
Do not your moral works expose  
At *Royal-Academic* shows ;  
But thus hold forth, to mend the Town,  
*An exhibition all your own !*

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## EPISTLE XIII.

---

TO THE  
*HON. MISS YORKE,*

[Afterwards Lady Anson.]

---

ON HER COPYING CLOVIO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

FROM THE  
*HON. CHARLES YORKE.*

---

FAIR Artist! well thy pencil has essay'd  
To lend a poet's fame thy friendly aid;  
Great DANTE'S image in thy lines we trace;  
And, while the Muses' train thy colors grace,  
The Muse propitious on the draught shall smile,  
Nor, envious, leave unsung the generous toil.

Picture and Poetry just kindred claim,  
Their birth, their genius, and pursuits the same;  
Daughters of Phoebus and Minerva, they  
From the same sources draw the heavenly ray.  
Whatever earth, or air, or ocean breeds,  
Whatever luxury or weakness needs;  
All forms of beauty Nature's scenes disclose,  
All images inventive art compose;

What ruder passions tear the troubled breast,  
What mild affections sooth the soul to rest,  
Each thought to fancy magic numbers raise,  
Expressive picture to the sense conveys.  
Hence in all times with social zeal conspire  
Who blend the tints, and who attune the lyre.  
See! in reviving Learning's infant dawn,  
Ere yet its precepts from old ruins drawn,  
Sham'd the mock ornaments of Gothic taste,  
New Artists form'd, each Grecian bust replac'd;  
Ere Leo's voice awak'd the barbarous age,  
Oppress'd by monkish law and Vandal rage:  
See! Dante, Petrarch, through the darkness strive,  
And Giotto's pencil bid their forms survive!  
When now maturer growth fair Science knew,  
Titian her favor'd sons ambitious drew;  
Not half so proud with princes to adorn  
His tablets, as with wits less nobly born,  
Ariosto, Aretine, yet better skill'd  
On Letters and on Virtue Fame to build:  
These in their turn instruct the willing song,  
The painter's fading glories to prolong.  
In later times, hear Waller's polish'd verse  
The various beauties of Vandyck rehearse;  
And Dryden in sublimer strains impart  
To Kneller praise more lasting than his art.

Friendships like these from time receive no law,  
Contracted oft with those we never saw;

In every art who court an endless fame  
 Through distant ages catch the sacred flame.  
 See Zeuxis, warm'd by Homer's rage divine,  
 With rapture read, and what he reads, design !  
 See Julio, bred on the Parnassian soil,  
 With Virgil's grandeur dignify his toil !  
 Clovio, perhaps, like aid to Dante ow'd ;  
 Instant his figure on the canvass glow'd :  
 To Dante's fame the graceful colors flow,  
 And wreaths of laurel bind his honor'd brow.

Thou too, whom Nature and the Muse inspire,  
 Listening the poet's lore hast caught his fire ;  
 With so much spirit every feature fraught,  
 Clovio might own this imitated draught ;  
 And Dante, were he conscious of the praise,  
 Would sing thy labors in immortal lays ;  
 His melancholy air to gladness turn'd,  
 Nor longer his unthankful Florence mourn'd :  
 Fair Beatrice's charms would lose their force,  
 No more her steps o'er Heaven direct his course ;  
 To thee the Bard would grant the nobler place,  
 And ask thy guidance through the paths of peace.  
 Oh! could my eloquence, like his, persuade  
 To leave the bounded walks by others made,  
 Through Nature's wilds bid thy free genius rove,  
 Copy the living race, or waving grove ;  
 Or boldly rising with superior skill,  
 The work with Heroes or with Poets fill ;



Then might I claim, deserv'd, the laurel crown,  
My verse not quite neglected or unknown ;  
Then should the world thy glowing pencil see  
Extend the friendship of its art, to me.

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EPISTLE XIV.

---

ON  
*BUILDING AND PLANTING.*

---

TO  
SIR JAMES LOWTHER, BART.

[Of Lowther-Hall.]

---

BY JOHN DALTON, D. D.

---

WHEN stately structures Lowther grace,  
Worthy the owner and the place,  
Fashion will not the works direct,  
But Reason be the Architect.

Ready each beauteous order stands  
To execute what she commands.  
The Doric grave, where weight requires,  
To give his manly strength aspires ;  
The light Corinthian, richly gay,  
Does all embellishments display ;  
Between them see, with matron air,  
The Ionic, delicately fair !

These their abundant aid will lend  
To answer every structure's end.

To Building can a mode belong  
But gay, or delicate, or strong?  
Why search we then for orders new,  
Rich in these all-comprising few,  
But that the standard rules of Greece  
Disdain to humor wild caprice?  
They Fancy's wanton freaks control,  
In every part consult the whole,  
Teach Art to dress, and not disguise,  
Seek lasting fame, not short surprise,  
And all adornings to produce  
From real or from seeming use,  
The place's genius to revere,  
And, as he bids, the structure rear.

Smiles he o'er fragrant Flora's bloom?  
Ne'er shock him with a grotto's gloom.  
Nor with smooth slender columns mock  
His roughness in the rugged rock.  
Nor by trim steps hand gently down,  
(Like dainty dames in formal town)  
The nimble Naiades, who bound  
O'er native rocks with sprightly sound.  
Nor roving Dryades confine  
Precisely to a single line,  
Strait, circular, or serpentine.

All forms arise at Nature's call,  
And use can beauty give to all.

---

None e'er disgust the judging mind,  
When vary'd well, or well combin'd.

This Lowther's noble Planter knew,  
And kept it in his constant view.  
So sweetly wild his woods are strown,  
Nature mistakes them for her own,  
Yet all to proper soil and site  
So suited, doubly they delight.  
While tender plants in vales repose,  
Where the mild zephyr only blows,  
Embattled firs bleak hills adorn,  
Under whose safeguard smiles the corn.  
Who builds or plants, this rule should know,  
From truth and use all beauties flow.

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Ep

EPISTLE XV.

---

TO A  
SWISS OFFICER.

---

From his  
FRIEND AT ROME.

BY JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A.

---

FROM horrid mountains ever hid in snow,  
And barren lands, and dreary plains below;  
To you, dear Sir, my best regards I send,  
The weakest reasoner, as the truest friend,  
Your arguments, that vainly strive to please,  
Your arts, your country, and your palaces:  
What signs of Roman grandeur still remain—  
Much you have said; and much have said in vain.  
Fine pageants these for slaves, to please the eye;  
And put the neatest dress on misery!

Bred up to slav'ry and dissembled pain,  
Unhappy man! you trifle with your chain:  
But should your friend with your desires comply,  
And sell himself to Rome and slav'ry;



He could not wear his trammels with that art,  
Or hide the noble anguish of his heart :  
You'd soon repent the livery that you gave ;  
For, trust me, I should make an awkward slave.

Falsely you blame our barren rocks and plains,  
Happy in freedom and laborious swains :  
Our peasants cheerful to the field repair,  
And can enjoy the labors of the year ;  
Whilst yours, beneath some tree, with mournful  
eyes,

Sees for his haughty lord his harvest rise :  
Then silent sighs ; but stops his slavish breath :  
He silent sighs : for should he speak, 'tis death.  
Hence from our field the lazy grain we call,  
Too much for want, for luxury too small :  
Whilst all Campania's rich inviting soil  
Scarce knows the ploughshare, or the reaper's toil.

In arms we breed our youth. To dart from far,  
And aim aright the thunder of the war :  
To whirl the faulchion, and direct the blow ;  
To ward the stroke, or bear upon the foe.  
Early in hardships through the woods they fly,  
Nor feel the piercing frost, or wintry sky ;  
Some prowling wolf or foamy boar to meet,  
And stretch the panting savage at their feet :  
Inur'd by this, they seek a nobler war,  
And shew an honest pride in every scar ;  
With joy the danger and the blood partake,

---

Whilst every wound is for their country's sake.  
But you, soft warriors, forc'd into the field,  
Or faintly strike, or impotently yield ;  
For well this universal truth you know,  
Who fights for tyrants is his country's foe.

I envy not your arts, the Roman schools,  
Improv'd, perhaps, but to inslave your souls.  
May you to stone, or nerves or beauty give,  
And teach the soft'ning marble how to live ;  
May you the passions in your colors trace,  
And work up every piece with every grace ;  
In airs and attitudes be wond'rous wise,  
And know the arts to please or to surprise ;  
In music's softest sound consume the day,  
Sounds that would melt the warrior's soul away :  
Vain efforts these, an honest fame to raise ;  
Your painters, and your eunuchs be your praise :  
Grant us more real goods, ye heav'nly Pow'rs !  
Virtue and arms, and liberty be ours.  
Weak are your offers to the free and brave ;  
No bribe can purchase me to be a slave.  
Hear me, ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye plains,  
The happy bounds of our Helvetian swains !  
In thee, my Country, will I fix my seat ;  
Nor envy the poor wretch, that wou'd be great :  
My life and arms I dedicate to Thee ;  
For, know, it is my int'rest to be free.

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# NOTES

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## ON EPISTLES *CRITICAL AND DIDACTIC.*

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### EPISTLE I.

*Page 1.* THE Author of this Epistle was descended from the Parnells who had been long seated at Congleton in Cheshire, but on the Restoration withdrew to Ireland, in consequence of their adherence to the Commonwealth party. In the capital of that kingdom our Poet was born in 1676, and, having been instructed in the classics by Dr. Jones, was admitted into Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of thirteen. In July 1700, he took his master's degree and orders; and about four years after was collated by the Bishop of Clogher, to that archdeaconry. Prior, however, to this period, he married a Miss Anne Minchin, who was remarkable both for beauty and merit. By her he had two sons and a daughter. The latter survived him, but both the former died young. The loss of his wife, preyed greatly on his spirits and considerably hastened his own dissolution. Dying on his way to Ireland, at Chester, he was there buried in

Trinity church. Dr. Parnell lived in habits of intimacy with the great and the witty, and was loved and sought after by all who knew him. It appears from Swift's Journal to Stella, that our Author, who was introduced to Bolingbroke, by the Dean, adopted several of his hints for improving this Epistle.

Allegory is in itself so retired a way of writing, that it was thought proper to say something before hand concerning this Piece, which is entirely framed upon it. The design, therefore, is to shew the several styles which have been made use of by those who have endeavored to write in verse. The scheme, by which it is carried on, supposes an old Grecian Poet couching his observations or instructions within an Allegory; which Allegory is wrought out upon the single word Flight, as in the figurative way it signifies a thought above the common level: here Wit is made to be Pegasus, and the Poet his Rider, who flies by several countries where he must not touch, by which are meant so many vicious styles, and arrives at last at the Sublime. This way of Writing is not only very engaging to the fancy, whenever it is well performed; but it has been thought also one of the first that the Poets made use of. Hence arose many of those stories concerning the Heathen Gods, which at first were invented to insinuate Truth and Morality more pleasingly, and which afterwards made Poetry itself more solemn, when they happened to be received into the Heathen Divinity. And indeed there seems to be no likelier way by which a Poetical Genius may

yet appear as an Original, than that he should proceed with a full compass of thought and knowledge, either to design his plan, or to beautify the parts of it, in an allegorical manner. We are much beholden to Antiquity for those excellent compositions by which Writers at present form their minds ; but it is not so much required of us to adhere meerly to their fables, as to observe their manner. For, if we preclude our own invention, Poetry will consist only in expreffion, or simile, or the application of old stories ; and the utmost character to which a Genius can arrive will depend on imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we must agree together not to call stealing, because we take only from the Ancients. There have been Poets amongst ourselves, such as Spenser and Milton, who have successfully ventured further. These instances may let us see that Invention is not bounded by what has been done before : they may open our imaginations, and be one method of preserving us from Writing without schemes. As for what relates any further particularly to this Poem, the Reader will observe, that its aim is Instruction. Perhaps a representation of several mistakes and difficulties, which happen to many who write Poetry, may deter some from attempting what they have not been made for : and perhaps the description of several beauties belonging to it may afford hints towards forming a Genius for delighting and improving mankind. If either of these happen, the Poem is useful ; and upon that account its faults may be more easily excused.



*Page 2. Where wings, &c.]* These and the like conceits of putting Poems into several shapes by the different lengths of lines, are frequent in old Poets of most languages.

20. *And he's Septimius, and his Acme she:]*

With such a husband, such a wife,  
With Acme and Septimius' life.

COWLEY.

## EPISTLE II.

*Page 21. This, and the Seventh Epistle, to Thomson, were published in Dublin 1733, and reprinted in London in 1734. Commendatory Verses by W. Walsh, of the county of Clare; C. White, B. A. of Trinity College, Dublin; and R. Lloyd, B. A. of Fanstown, near Charleville, accompanied them.*

22. *You fly to deserts but to blaze the more;]* The coming of his Lordship to Ireland.

*ibid. Sage Temple,—]* Sir William.

30. *And all those voices make one harmony.]* This excellent allegory of Plato, intimates that all things obey the divine law, and concur to produce those effects which are the consequences of the causes that God has established.

31. ———— *Mantegna*———] Born at Padua 1431, was conspicuous for his historical pictures and skill in perspective. The best of his pieces are the Triumphs of Julius Caesar, at Hampton-Court.

32. *And from the stone sweet harmony rebounds.]* The statue of Memnon, son of Aurora, was made of stone. See Herodotus.

32. *Beside his chisel let Mount Athos stand.*] It was proposed to Alexander the Great, to turn Mount Athos into the statue of this monarch, with the ocean in a bason in one hand, and a large city in the other.

33. — *his carv'd Venus.* — ] The Venus de Medicis.

*ibid.* *And thunder-bolts descend in figur'd stone;*] This curious representation is on the pillar of Antonine. It exhibits Jupiter raining on the army of Marcus Aurelius, and fulminating on that of his enemies. Hence the Christian Legion was called *the thundering*.

*ibid.* *Here let thy graver through rock-diamond run,*] These lines are to be understood of antiques, arms, and cyphers, cut in precious stones. Pyrgoteles, a celebrated sculptor, hardly engraved on aught but jewels.

34. — — — *him of Tyre.*] Hieram.

*ibid.* — — — *The Tuscan lifts th' imperial urn.*] Trajan's pillar at Rome was the first of this order, the spire of which was appointed for the Emperor's ashes. See Evelyn on Architecture.

*ibid.* — *the neat Ionic shaft* — ] Of this order was the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, which took up two hundred years in building. See Palladio.

36. *So wild Lycaon fled his own abode,*

*Chang'd, &c.* — — — ] The story of Lycaon might possibly have been taken from that of Nebuchodonosor; for priding himself in those gardens, which he caused to be built for his Queen, who

loved the prospects of Media, he was, in the same place and moment, changed to a wild beast.

36. *This was the Nymph that did wise Numa please.*] Egeria.

39. *There Athens' friend Themistocles appears,*] See Valerius Maximus, de Pietate erga Patriam.

*ibid.* On Cannae's field see Paulus, &c.] Paulus Emilius.

40. *Let Helen's beauty kindle sweet desire,  
In Zeuxis' colors, and with Homer's fire;*]

Zeuxis, from the choice of five naked Virgins, drew that wonderful picture of Helen, which Cicero in his book de Oratore sets before us as the most perfect example of beauty.—Julio Romano formed his taste from the study of Homer.

*ibid.* *As long as Kensington with Greenwich vie;*] See the cieling in the great hall of that Hospital, painted by Sir James Thornhill.

42. *By architecture last he lays the scheme.*] Palladio lays down but five orders of architecture, and Longinus five sources of the sublime.

46. —*The best judge and critic of his time.*] Longinus.

47. ————*Consider Plutarch well.*] In his tract "Of reading the Poets."

48. *The name of Lawson, &c.*—————] Lecturer on Oratory in Trinity College, Dublin.

51. *"For none have been with admiration read,*

*"But who, beside their learning, were well bred."*]

"Essay on Translated Verse," by the Earl of Roscommon.

## EPISTLE IV.

Page 57. This Epistle was first printed in the year 1741.

60. *Like Egypt's priests, &c.]*

Quis nescit——qualia demens

Aegyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat.

JUVENAL. Sat. 15.

62. *Fast to the thread of life, &c.]*

BACON, the augmentis Scientiarum.

*ibid.* —— *Egypt's monarch*———] Ptolemy Philadelphus.

63. *Shall the same cause which prompts the chatt'ring jay*

*To aim at words, inspire the poet's lay?*] Persius.

66. *Behold th' Athenian sage,*———] Platonis Apologia.

## EPISTLE VI.

Page 78. The writer of this Epistle, published in 1727, "Poems on several Occasions," and "an Essay on Reason," before he had attained his nineteenth year; and afterwards, "an Essay on Satire, particularly the Dunciad," besides some occasional sermons. Becoming vice-principal of St. Mary Hall, and distinguishing himself there as a Tutor, he was recom-

mended to the late Lord Chesterfield by Pope and Lord Lyttleton, to attend on his son. With him he travelled, and acquitted himself so well in the discharge of his trust, that he was rewarded with a canonry of Windsor. His other Writings are, "the History of Gustavus Adolphus;" (—an uncouth jumble of excellent materials—) "a Treatise on Agriculture," and a volume of Poems, entitled "the Amaranth." He died at Bath in 1773.

79. "*As thy own goddess*—————] Fenton's Epistle to Southerne.

*ibid.* *Like Vinci's strokes,*—————] Leonardi de Vinci.

#### EPISTLE VIII.

*Page 86.* Of this Epistle the Author has given the following account.—This poem was written last Summer [1712], upon the following occasion: the Spectator's account of the "Distressed Mother" had raised the author's expectation to so high a pitch, that he made an excursion from college to see that tragedy acted, and upon his return was commanded by the Dean to write upon the Art, Rise, and Progress of the English stage; which how well he has performed is now submitted to the judgment of that worthy gentleman to whom it is inscribed.

Notwithstanding the account here given by Mr. Webster in the year 1713, Jacob ascribes this production to a Mr. Reynardson of Baliol College, son of a Turkey merchant, collector of the customs at



Bristol, and author of an excellent ode on Divine Vengeance.

87. *Nigh where, &c.*] Charing-Cross.

*ibid.* Perhaps the spot where now stands Powell's stage,] Under the Piazzas of Covent-Garden. See Spectator, No. 14.

*ibid.* ————fat Dominic's the jest.] Dryden's Spanish Fryar.

89. *T' have sat at Athens when the clouds were play'd.*] 'The Clouds,' a play of Aristophanes, where Socrates is throughout satirised, at which, when represented, he was present, and shewed not the least concern.

*ibid.* When Shadwell gives his idiot clown a miss,] Young Hartford, in his 'Lancashire Witches.'

*ibid.* Go read Quintilian de movendo risu.]. Stulta reprehendere facillimum est, nam ex se sunt ridicula, sed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio.


95. *When good Urganda battles for her knight,*] His British Enchanters.

96. *The free-born Cato, &c.*] Though Cato at this time was neither published, nor completed, yet four acts of it had been submitted to the inspection of Friends.

99. *Here Bullock's cudgel*——] Bullock was celebrated in low comedy, and particularly for the parts of testy old men.

100. *He, by Religion a Tragedian made,*

*Play'd virtuous parts, and liv'd the parts he play'd.*] Such is the universal attestation



to the character of Betterton. Perhaps the Author had an eye in this passage to the story of Genest. See the next Epistle.

100. *The Laureat sicken'd*,——] Colley Cibber.

101. *Nokes trod the stage*, &c.] Of this performer some idea may be formed from the following extract: —“ Nokes was an actor of a quite different genius from any I have ever read, heard of, or seen, since or before his time; and yet his general excellence may be comprehended in one article, viz. a plain and palpable simplicity of nature.—His person was of the middle size, his voice clear and audible; his natural countenance grave and sober; but the moment he spoke, the settled seriousness of his features was utterly discharged, and a dry, drolling, laughing levity took such full possession of him, that I can only refer the idea of him to your imagination. In some of his low characters that became it, he had a shuffling shamble in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and an awkward absurdity in his gesture, that had you not known him you would not have believed that naturally he could have had a grain of common sense.” Cibber’s Apology, p. 118.

*ibid.* Barry—Bracegirdle—Powell.] See Cibber’s Apology, p. 132, 141, 166.

102. *The pleas’d spectator dreads a king in Keene*.] Theophilus Keene, not a first-rate performer, though praised by many for the majesty of his performance.

*ibid.* *We hop’d, alas! we hop’d a nearer view*,] The Players, at this time expected at Oxford, were for-

bidden to come. They, however, went thither again after Cato was brought on the stage.

103. *Should Oldfield then, &c.*] Afterwards Mrs. Booth, who lived till January 15, 1773. The characters for which she is here celebrated are Andromache, in Philips's 'Distressed Mother;' and Loveit, in Etherege's 'Man of Mode.'

*ibid.* 'Tis said young Ammon, &c.] See Plutarch's 'Life of Alexander.'

104. *To see that Hercules, &c.*] A new Opera, so called.

*ibid.* *The Terence and Vitruvius of his times;*] Sir John Vanbrugh.

#### EPISTLE IX.

Page 106. This ingenious and sprightly writer was son of Dr. Pierson Lloyd, second master, for many years, of Westminster School; where, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was eminently distinguished, for his poetical powers, and his eccentric conduct. Between him and the celebrated Charles Churchill a most cordial attachment subsisted. The generosity of the latter frequently relieved the former's distresses, whilst his death was accelerated by the death of his friend. Poor Lloyd made his exit in the Fleet Prison on the 15th of December 1764. Mr. Wilkes, to whom he was well known, has portrayed him, as "mild and affable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in conversation. He was an

excellent scholar, and an easy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was contented to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welch poney, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed, and the daring heights of the mountain, to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill."

An imperfect collection of Mr. Lloyd's poetical works, was published by Dr. Kendrick in two volumes, 1774.

#### EPISTLE X.

*Page 118.* ————*a FORRESTER*—] This Lady, who is frequently and ill-naturedly mentioned by Swift, was Maid of Honor to Queen Anne, and in 1701 married at the age of thirteen, to Sir George Downing. The Bridegroom, being only two years older than the Bride, set out on his travels, in the interval of which both contracting a dislike to each other, joined, on his return, to obtain a divorce.— This Lady must have been very accomplished to have deserved half the compliments lavished upon her. In the 'British Court,' she is thus described :

- " But see the sacred marks of beauty shine
- " In FORRESTER, more glorious and divine ;
- " Easy her shape is wrought in every turn,
- " Charming her mien, and elegant her form.
- " Artless she walks, with such a moving grace,

“ 'Tis difficult for wit, or words, t' express

“ Which pleases most, her *looks*, her *air*, her *dress*.”

120. *A SUNDERLAND the coldest writer warms,*]

Anne, second daughter to the Duke of Marlborough. —The *coldest writer* has been understood to allude to Dr. Watts, who in handing this Lady, when at Tunbridge, into her coach, left in her hand some animated stanzas. This reference, however, is altogether ideal, for the Epistle was written prior to the Doctor's gallantry.

*ibid.* ————*bright* MONTHERMER——] Mary, youngest daughter to the Duke, married John Duke of Montagu, and Marquis of Monthermer. This Lady was also greatly celebrated, by the wits of the time.

*ibid.* ————BRIDGEWATER——] Elizabeth, married to the Earl of Bridgewater, was the third daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

121. GODOLPHIN———] Henrietta, the Duke's eldest daughter.

*ibid.* BOLTON———] Lady Henrietta Crofts, daughter of the Duke of Monmouth.

122. —SEYMOUR———] Lady Elizabeth Percy, only surviving daughter and sole heiress of Josceline Earl of Northumberland, in her own right Baroness Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz-Payne, Brian, and Latimer, was thrice a wife, and twice a widow before she was sixteen, being first married to the Earl of Ogle, only son and heir of Henry Duke of New-



castle: Secondly, contracted to Thomas Thynne, Esq. of Longleate, who was assassinated, as he was riding through Pall-mall in his coach, at the instigation of Count Coningsmarck, through the hope of succeeding with the Lady, if he could remove Mr. Thynne: Thirdly, to Charles Seymour Duke of Somerset. Her Grace, who was one of the greatest ornaments of Queen Anne's court, succeeded the Dutchess of Marlborough as groom of the stole, and died Nov. 23, 1722, aged 56. She was mother of Algernon Duke of Somerset, and grandmother to Lady Elizabeth Seymour, late Dutchess of Northumberland.

122. — TUFTON ——— ] Catharine, eldest daughter of Thomas Earl of Thanet, married Edward Watson Lord Rockingham.

*ibid.* — ASHBURNHAM ——— ] Mary, youngest daughter to [James Duke of Ormond, married John Lord Ashburnham, and died about fifteen months after. Swift, writing to Stella, thus mentions her death. "I am just now told that poor dear Lady Ashburnham, the Duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country-house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favorite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the Duke and Dutchess. She was naturally very healthy; I fear she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving. Her Lord is a puppy; and I shall never think it worth

my while to be troubled with him now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession: yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burthening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing."—From the manner in which the Dean here mentions Lord Ashburnham, it is evident, that even his softest moods were not exempt from causticity.

124. ———VAUGHAN—————] Anne, daughter and sole heir to John Earl of Carbury, married Charles Marquis of Winchester, afterwards Duke of Bolton.

*ibid.* ———LOUISA—————] Daughter to Charles Duke of Richmond, by Anne daughter to the Earl of Cardigan.

#### EPISTLE XI.

*Page 133.* It is evident, at first sight, that the idea of this Epistle was suggested by the celebrated one of ADDISON, to Sir GODFREY KNELLER, in conjunction perhaps with the preceding.

134. *In HARVEY's glorious awful mien.*] Miss Harvey, afterwards Mrs. Phipps; who died about the year 1753.

135. *Where FITZROY moves, resplendent Fair;*] Lady Caroline Fitzroy, late Countess of Harrington.

*ibid.* *Though STANHOPE's more than Paris bless'd.*] The late Earl of Harrington.

*ibid.* *So CLEVELAND shown in warlike pride,*] The Dutchess, among the Beauties at Windsor, in the character of Pallas.

135. *So* GRAFTON, &c.] The Dutchess, among the Beauties at Hampton Court.

*ibid.* *Ten Queens of Beauty, sure I see!*

*Yet sure the true is* EMILY :] Lady Emily Lennox, Dutchess of Leinster; since married to Mr. Ogilvie.

*ibid.* —*smiling* CAPEL——] Lady Mary, afterwards married to Admiral Forbes.

136. *Place charming* BERKLEY, *Proserpine*,] Countess of Berkley, afterwards married to the late Earl Nugent.

*ibid.* *AYLESBURY like hoary Neptune's Queen.*] Countess of Aylesbury, married to the Honourable Henry Seymour Conway.

*ibid.* *The new Aurora*, LYTTLETON:] Lucy Fortescue, the amiable and lamented wife of the first Lord Lyttleton.

*ibid.* *Such Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,*] Guido's Aurora in the Respigliori palace at Rome.

*ibid.* *Like Dian*, STRAFFORD *woos the sight;*] Countess of Strafford.

137. *From* CARPENTER *we guess; or see,*]

*All beauteous* MANNERS, *beam from thee.*]

Miss Carpenter, afterwards Countess of Egremont, and since married to Count Bruhl.

Miss Manners.

*ibid.* *How blithe she look'd, let FANNY tell;*] Miss Fanny Macartney, afterwards the wife of Fulke Greville.

*ibid.* *Another Goddess, &c.*] Pomona.

137. *Must own each Stonehouse meets in PITT.*] Miss Atkins, now Lady Rivers.

*ibid.* CHUDLEIGH, —————] Late Countess of Bristol, and nominal Dutchess of Kingston.

*ibid.* —JULIANA————] Lady Juliana Fermor, since married to Mr. Penn.

*ibid.* —————*her dear Resemblance gone,*] Lady Sophia Fermor, Countess of Granville, died in 1745.

138. *Two beauteous Nymphs*————] Miss Mary Evelyn.

Mrs. Boone.

## EPISTLE XII.

*Page 143. And on the Scaper's art rely, &c.*] It may not, perhaps, be impertinent to observe, that this title is applied to that species of engravers, who prepare the plates for *Metzotinto* impressions.

145. *Humanely thoughtful how to save*

*The starving thousands from the grave.*] I shall not, by relating the whole of the transaction to which I allude, suppose any one ignorant of that splendid Act of Humanity which, during the last war in *Canada*, reflected so much honour upon *Lord Amherst*, and, through him, upon his Country and his nature.

159. *And kindly bid the sorrowing Pair*

*To urge their steps and enter there.*] While I was amusing myself with this Composition, I was asked who the Lady of Fashion might be, whom I had join'd

with Mr. F. in this penitential progress? It may therefore be proper, for the satisfaction of inquirers, to say something concerning her:—

She is not a Lady of Fashion, for she seldom appears in public; and when she does, no one of the Ton will own an acquaintance with her. She is of a very ancient family and high birth, and all the Monarchs in Europe, with their Ministers, Favorites, &c. acknowledge her in their closets. And I should be glad, for I am myself well acquainted with her salutary influence, to recommend her to the immediate intimacy of our Young Men and Women of Fashion—that she might be saved the disagreeable necessity of intruding herself upon them at some future period of their lives.—The Lady's name is REPENTANCE.

152. *Gives to a dragon's form, the wound  
That lays the monster on the ground.*] A Picture,  
painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

### EPISTLE XIII.

Page 153. “This noble and eminent Person, was the second son of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. He had been, for many years, in the first reputation at the bar; and, having passed through the offices of solicitor and attorney-general, was, himself, made lord chancellor in January 1770, but died soon after his appointment to that high dignity.—*Lucluosum hoc suis; acerbum patriae; grave bonis omnibus.* C1C.”



154. —GIOTTO——] The scholar of Cimabu, and the first painter of any genius that appeared in Italy, worked at Florence; was the contemporary of Dante and Petrarch, whose pictures he drew, and with whom he lived in friendship. Y.

*ibid.* TITIAN——] This painter drew more portraits of kings and princes than any other that ever lived Ariosto and Aretine were his friends and contemporaries, of whom he made pictures. Y.

155. XEUXIS——] Xeuxis, who studied Homer with particular attention, always read such parts of his poems as were best suited to the subject he had in hand, before he took up his pencil. Y.

*ibid.* JULIO——] Julio Romano, the disciple and favorite of Raphael, was said to have a peculiar majesty in his composition. He was the best scholar of the modern painters, and a diligent reader of Virgil, and the greatest poets. Y.

*ibid.* CLOVIO——] Julio Clovio lived 200 years after Dante. The portrait of Dante, here mentioned, represents him, as Mr. Duncombe hath observed, in a melancholy posture in the fore-ground, looking back on Florence; whence he was banished during the commotions of that state, in which he bore the highest offices. Clovio's great work is a book of drawings, in the Florentine gallery, the subjects of which are all taken from Dante's on Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven.

*ibid.* —BEATRICE——] The mistress of Dante in his youth, who died many years before him, and of whom he speaks with great affection. She is repre-

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*ibid.* —BEATRICE——] The mistress of Dante in his youth, who died many years before him, and of whom he speaks with great affection. She is repre-

sented in the poem as the Guardian Angel who leads him through Heaven, as Virgil and Statius do their heroes through Hell and Purgatory. Y.

#### EPISTLE XIV.

*Page 157. The Doric grave, where weight requires.]* In ea aede cum voluissent columnas collocare, non habentes symmetrias earum, & quaerentes quibus rationibus efficere possent, ut et *ad onus ferendum* essent idoneae, et in aspectu probatam haberent venustatem: dimensi sunt virilis pedis vestigium, et cum invenissent pedem sextam partem esse altitudinis in homine, ita in columnam transtulerunt: et qua crassitudine fecerunt basin scapi, tantum eam sexies cum capitulo in altitudinem extulerunt. Ita Dorica columna *virilis corporis* proportionem, et firmitatem et venustatem in aedificiis praestare coepit. *Vitruv. l. iv. c. 1. p. 60.*

*ibid. The light Corinthian, &c.]* Tertium vero, quod Corinthium dicitur, verginalis habet gracilitatis imitationem: quod virgines propter aetatis teneritatem gracilioribus membris figuratae, effectus recipiunt in ornatu venustiores. Ejus autem capituli prima inventio, &c. *Ibid.*

*ibid. Between them see, &c.]* Junoni, Dianae, Libero Patri, caeterisque Diis qui eadem sunt similitudine, si aedes Ionicae construerentur, habita erit ratio *mediocritatis*, quod et ab severo more Doricorum et a teneritate Corinthiorum, temperabitur earum institutio proprietatis. *Ibid.*

157. *The Ionic, &c.*] Item postea Dianae constituere aedem quaerentes, novi generis speciem, iisdem vestigiis ad muliebrem transtulerunt gracilitatem: et fecerunt primum columnae crassitudinem altitudinis octava parte: ut haberent speciem excelsiorem, basi spiram supposuerunt pro calceo, capitulo volutas, uti capillamento concrispatos cincinnos praependentes dextra ac sinistra collocaverunt, et cymatiis et encarpis pro crinibus dispositis, frontes ornaverunt: truncoque toto strias, uti stolarum rugas, *matronali more* dimiserunt. *Ibid.*

158. —*From real or from seeming use,*] —quemadmodum mutuli cantheriorum projecturae ferunt *imaginem*, sic in Ionicis denticuli ex projecturis asserum habent imitationem. Itaque in Graecis operibus nemo sub mutulo denticulos constituit: non enim possunt subtus cantherios asseres esse. Quod ergo supra cantherios & templa in *veritate* debet essa collacatum, id in *imaginibus*, si infra constitutum fuerit, mendosam habebit operis rationem, &c. *Ibid.*

159. *From truth, &c.*] —quod non potest in *veritate* fieri, id non putaverunt in imaginibus factum, posse certam rationem habere. Omnia enim certa proprietate, et a *veris naturae* deductis morbius, traxerunt in operum perfectiones: et ea probaverunt, quorum explicationes in disputationibus rationem possunt habere *veritatis*. *Vitruv. lib. IV. c. II. p. 67.*

*ibid.* —*and use, &c.*] See the idea of beauty explained by the great Dr. Berkley in the Minute Philosopher, dial. III. sect. VIII, IX.



## EPISTLE XV.

*Page 160.* This Epistle being ethical, critical, and descriptive, the Editor was in some doubt how to dispose of it. If any of its readers should consider it misplaced here, others perhaps, may think differently.—Though not without merit of its own, its principal value appears to arise from the circumstance, of having suggested to Goldsmith the idea of his Traveller.

Mr. Spence was educated at Winchester School, and was afterward a Fellow of New College. Having taken his Master of Arts degree in 1727, and acquired reputation by his Essay on the Odyssey of Pope, he was elected Poetry Professor, and held that office for the space of ten years. With the Earl of Lincoln (now Duke of Newcastle) he travelled into Italy, and there collected materials for his Polymetis. Succeeding in 1742, to the rectory of Great Horwood, a college living in Buckinghamshire, he vacated his fellowship; but was appointed professor of modern History at Oxford in the same year, and in 1754 a prebendary of Durham.—He was found dead on the 20th of August, 1768, with his face in water, which as it was too shallow to cover his head, his death was ascribed to a fit. He appears to have been an elegant scholar and an amiable man.

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THE END.



